

New York

THE LITTLE BOAT

A HOUSE WEEKLY

FOR WINTER NIGHTS
AND
SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 262

THE TERRIBLE TRUTH; OR, The Thornhurst Mystery.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,

Author of "Strangely Wed," "The False Widow," "Adria, the Adopted," "Coral and Ruby," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

DARE'S ADVENTURE.

OWEN DARE came out of the reverie into which he had fallen inadvertently, to find his position suddenly resolved to one promising adventure if not danger.

The little sail-boat was dancing over the short waves of the bay and a white fog had dropped down with all the suddenness which belongs to the fogs of the New England coast. To add to his discomfort, it was very soon apparent that he had lost his bearings. The little craft required all his attention as the choppy waves boiled up in foamy wreaths, and he peered out anxiously for some mark to guide his course. On either side nothing but the dense white fog and the line of foam where his boat cut the water. The nautical skill of which he had been rather proud was of little avail to him in a situation like this. There was nothing for it but to trust blindly to chance, and keep a sharp look-out until the fog should lift.

There is something exciting in the novelty of a position like this, and Dare experienced more than a tithe of the exhilaration; but, notwithstanding the moments dragged interminably, until it seemed to him that hours must have passed, and yet no sign of the fog lessening.

Dare's temper did not improve, as he knew by this time that must be closing in, and he strained his eyes vainly for a sight of the lights along the low line of coast. The prospect of spending the night under short sail, bumping over the bars and reefs, and among sandy islands of the bay, to say nothing of the more than equal chances of being wrecked or capsized, or something else equally pleasant, loomed up a dark and anxious background to the first half-enjoyment and half-annoyance he had experienced.

"One of my usual confounded streaks of luck," growled Dare, with his hand upon the tiller. "Curse the foolhardiness that brought me out on a trip like this, anyway. I say. Why couldn't I be content to stay with the crowd instead of rushing off to the experiment of cheap racing on my own hook? Jolly enough with fair weather and nights ashore, I'll allow, but I never bargained for this turn to the programme."

An elasticity in Dare's spirit rose again in a thrill of fierce excitement as the little boat really did bump against a rock protruding from one of those low-lying reefs along the shore. The fog was now as thoroughly as a slow, drizzling, penetrating rain could have done, but in the real presence of danger Owen Dare was not the man to give up without an effort, or to be overcome by the small miseries which would have been tortures generally to his somewhat fastidious habit.

Beating about, feeling his way through the opaque gloom, chilled to the bone by that cold mist, with his heart coming to his throat at every alternate minute, the time wore slowly on. A miserable, anxious, and yet exciting, and yet weary, and yet thrilling, to linger in his memory and come vividly back to him long years after, was that which Owen Dare spent beating along the low coast of Cape Cod.

A puff of wind broke the heavy stillness at last. Another, and soon a fresh, steady breeze was blowing; the fog rolled itself up and disappeared as swiftly as it had come. The moon shone out brightly, for a moment lighting the broad expanse of water and the low, dark line of shore. But, scurrying clouds drove across the sky, and the moonlight was obscured by a blackness which covered by and by shore and little boat and solitary voyager in the same blank.

But, after all, the blackness served Mr. Dare a better turn than he had expected. A lurid glare shot up from the low shore, a signal fire he knew it to be. Turning his boat he ran for it, with the breeze in his favor, and the waves running high, showing low lines of surf in those brief intervals of light ahead. It was running the gantlet in a race for life as he knew, but he knew it was a safe one. A girl's form, little and slight, with straight hair streaming down her back, with round arms bare to the shoulders, and short skirts, which, to Dare's relief, exposed shapely, well-shod feet.

Dare was fastidious to the last degree, and but for this fact one episode out of the life of the girl standing before him might have been spared her. But while Dare's fine sensibilities would have been shocked at shoeless feet, custom had reconciled him to any degree of nakedness *a la décolleté*, and those brown, bare arms and rounded throat might have compared favorably with the fairer ones he was used to seeing.

"I have you to thank for the beacon which guided me in," said he. "But for that I might have beaten off and on all night."

"Or been driven on the bar. It's a wonder you weren't, anyway. There isn't a boat left that should have rowed out into the bay when the fog lifted." The voice was clear, a trifle high-pitched, but not unmusical, and again Dare was relieved that it was not a coarse, nasal utterance which greeted him.

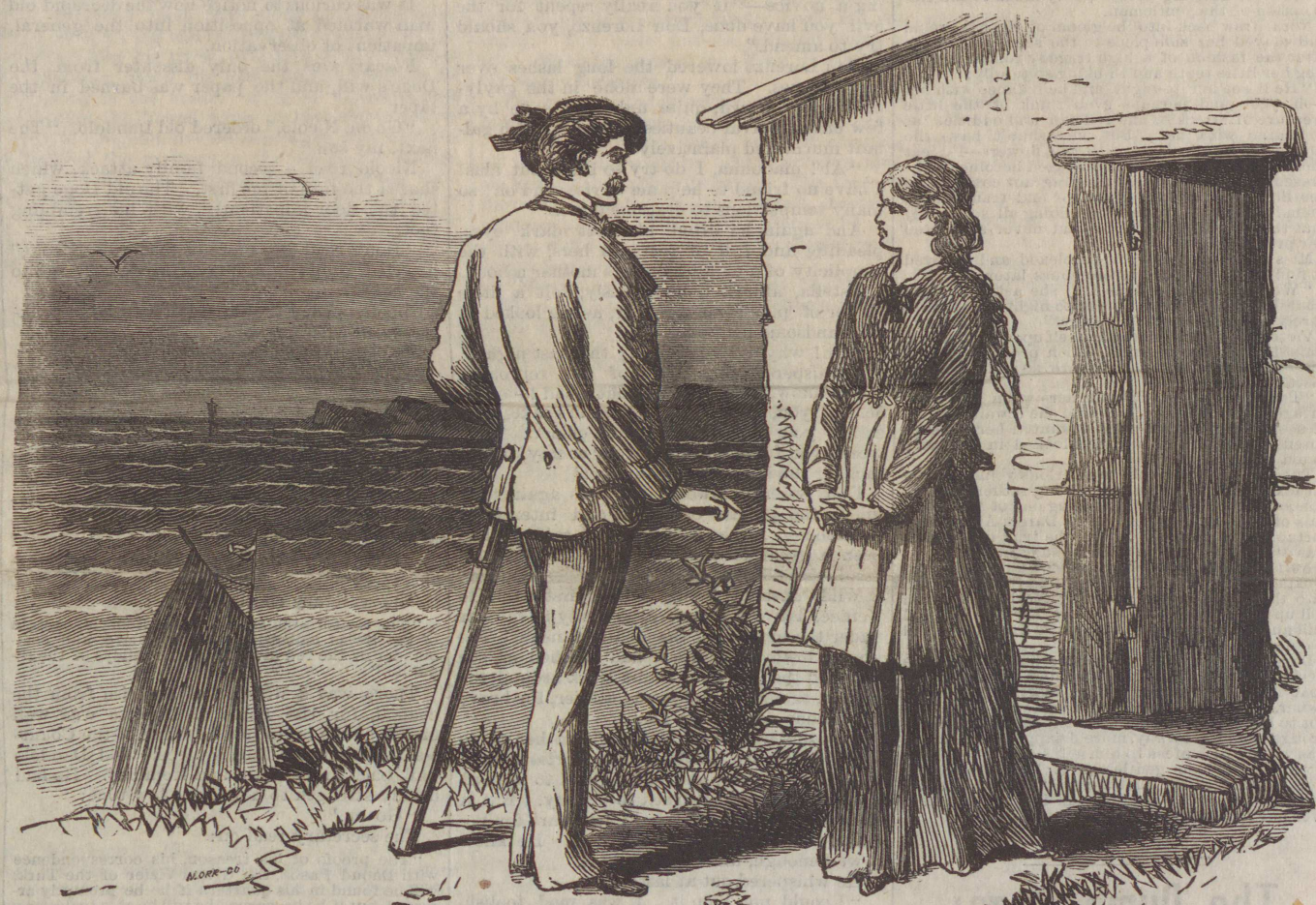
"Was the beacon really meant for me, then? I thought it a happy accident."

"I saw the boat out there late this afternoon. There's bad places along here, and we always put a light out on dark or stormy nights, specially when the men are at the fisheries and apt to be coming in. That's why there's no boats here now. You'd better come with me, back to the house; that's it, yonder. Hannah'll be fretting after me, I dare say."

An unmovable black shadow in the direction she pointed was all he could distinguish of the house, looming more definitely up as they approached it, and with some threads of light making themselves apparent through chinks and crevices.

"Would you not be afraid to go out upon the bay, at night and alone?" he asked, with a shadow of interest in the briskly-moving little creature who was in no way abashed by this night meeting with a stranger, and, what struck Dare more forcibly still, apparently in no way impressed by the marked difference which must have existed between his own elegant self—presented under disadvantageous circumstances though he were—and such types of masculinity, brawny, weather-beaten fishermen, and jolly jack-tars, as she was probably in the habit of associating with.

"Afraid? Oh, la, no!" and her shrill laugh woke



"Why, Nora, child, what is it?" He stopped short as she turned her changed face upon him.

the echoes. "Why should I be afraid? You see, I'm used to the water, sir, and I like it—take it from me, one of my own. Nora's not one of our kind, though she's been with us a most all her life, and we've sort of adopted her—Jabez and me."

Dare politely looked his interest, and after a second's hesitation Hannah went on:

"I served in her mother's family once, and though my young mistress married a seafaring man about the time Jabez and me started for ourselves, she didn't forget me for the three or four years after, when we never once saw each other. She used to send little gifts now and then, and now and then a letter, though not 'bin' handy with my pen I could never send back more than my duty. But, at last, she came herself, so changed it gave me a sore heart for long to think of her. She was going on a long voyage for her health, and the doctor said her only chance was to leave her child. She had most confidence in me, and came to see if I'd take the little thing, and settin' a price three times what the trouble'd her been worth even to a stranger. I was only too glad, hevin' neither chick nor child of my own. Nora was two then, a puny, delicate little thing, long ago, without ever comin' back from her home here. My poor young mistress died on the voyage out, and it's nigh about ten year now, since a word has come from Nora's father. He's dead like I was, long ago, and I never hear of him no more."

Some odd contrasting visions blended in Dare's mind after his head lay upon the pillows, and before he lost himself in dreamless sleep. Visions from which two faces looked out upon him, one of the girl he had seen for the first time that night; the other fair, high-bred, arrogant, but both were lost soon enough to the tired adventurer of the evening.

In her cot-bed in the little loft Nora was wakeful and thoughtful beyond her ordinary custom; she had been a thoughtful, boisterous, headful, and sound-sleeping child up to this date, but slumber came to her also after the murmur of voices died away below, dream-broken, perhaps, but sweet and calm.

CHAPTER II.

DARE'S FRIEND.

Next day was cloudy, with a strong wind and a rough sea. Mr. Owen Dare was quite well enough reconciled with his humble quarters ashore to content himself for forty-eight hours more in the hope of securing a more auspicious cruise than this prospect would have insured him. And, somewhat, when that day had passed and another morning dawned clear and bright, with a favorable breeze and a smooth surface blue as the cloudless sky above, Dare's desire to take his leave had unaccountably departed.

"You see, I'm not accountable to anybody for my actions just now," he condescended to explain, sitting with his hostess, and watching Nora's little figure through the open door, where she was devoting herself to some stunted, late-blooming roses which only constant care had coaxed into existence at all there in that sterile, sandy soil. "I've a fancy to stay here for a week if you're willing to keep me, Mrs. Cheswick."

"If you're pleased to be satisfied with your lodging, sir, it isn't equal to the hotel at Brewster, nor to the places where they make a 'bit of takin' summer boarders, but such as it be you're welcome to as long as you choose. Jabez'll say the same when he comes, which I rather look for him to-day or the morrow at furthest. It's not often we've gentlemen amongst us, and Jabez takes to 'em kindly, which isn't always the case with our rough Long-shoremen, ef I must say it; and besides, you can

tell Nora of her own sort better'n I who was never good at minding their ways. I'd like her to know more of such ladies as her mother was. Nora has her looks in part, and she takes to learnin' jest as I used to see her do. She went to school down to Brewster two terms, did Nora, and got all they could learn her there, but she's always pickin' up books, though Lord knows where she manages to find 'em."

Dare sauntered out where Nora stood with the shadow of a smile upon his lips. He had glanced over a heterogeneous collection of well-thumbed volumes in the little room which had been allotted to him. The Pilgrim's Progress, a tattered volume of Clarke's Commentaries, the Swiss Family Robinson, one or two novels of the Claude Duval style, one or two of the Oliver Optic series, Midshipman Easy, The Last of the Lake and Lalla Rookh in gorgeous bindings of red and gilt, quite outshining the tattered dinginess of the rest.

"Never read, I'll be bound," he had thought, remarking them, but glancing through discovered his mistake by the frequency of light pencillings upon the margin, the leaves worn thin and glossy in places as if by much turning. "The little thing has something in her, after all, if this is her doing," he mused, lingering over favorite pages of his own. "It's really refreshing to find a bit of natural sentiment in a place where one might least expect it, here on the sandy waste of Cape Cod. Almost worth a week for the sake of cultivating, I fancy."

The week stretched itself into a fortnight, and still Dare lingered there. Jabez had come, a true specimen of the rough-spoken, genial Longshoreman, as unassuming of any harm which might come through the gentlemanly stranger's sojourn there as was his simple-minded wife.

And, meantime, Dare was loitering along the shore, or taking short trips out upon the bay, always with the same companion—Nora. He read to her from the few books he had brought along with his equipments, and repeated whole pages from others, lying on his back in the sand, looking up into her face—that ingenious face with the frank, brown eyes which would light with enthusiasm, or scintillate with mischief, or look back into Dare into more real earnestness in his flirtation with the little Cape Cod rustic than he had often put into the hundred-and-one flirtations he had probably compressed in his experience heretofore. But to Nora, innocent, light-hearted child, these two weeks had gone by like a revelation—a revelation scarcely understood, a delicious, lingering, dangerous time, which could never leave her quite the same she had been before—a time that awoke in her longings to know more of the world from which he came, to be more like those fine birds with fine feathers he vividly described to her.

"Don't you know that I like you far better as you are?" he said, laughingly. "There isn't one of them all who mightn't be improved by being more natural, and you are all natural, you dear little creature. You can't imagine how disgusted I have been before now with their artificiality, superciliousness and pretensions. If I could I would never change you by one of their airs which are not graces in my eyes. Never wish for the high places again, Nora, for—"

"True hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

Quite true in fact, before Lady Vere de Vere was ever written, and quite as true in these later days, and here where the respect for blood and coronets, a little disguised, perhaps, is quite as strong as in the mother country."

And Nora, simple heart, believed his every word. How could she help it, poor child! with his bold eyes looking their undisguised admiration upon her. How could she know that Dare was speculating idly, at that very moment, upon the vast improve-

ment a little culture and refining influences of association might bring to the wild, untrammelled girl who exercised an odd sort of fascination over him? It was only the novelty of the affair entrancing him, and he never spared a thought to how much more desperately earnest a matter it might be to Nora. If he had it would have made little enough difference, Owen Dare was never given to considering the comfort of others before his own whims.

The time came soon enough, when Nora's dream ended.

She was all alone in the house up in her little attic chamber. It was not later than ten of the forenoon. Jabez had gone out early with his lines, and Dare, feeling an invitation to accompany him, had taken his own flexible rod and drifted out near the mouth of the inlet for an hour or two of quiet sport. Hannah was a mile away at a neighboring fisherman's cottage, and Nora, with a snowy drift of linen that thrifty housewife had left her to hem, heaped ignominiously in the center of the room, a book which Dare had been reading to her the previous day open before her, but claiming her attention no more than the work just then. She sat on a dingy old rug upon the floor, one arm thrown up and her head resting against it upon the window-sill, watching a lock of her bright hair around her finger, a tender expression about her mouth, and almost a serious light in the usually saucy and defiant brown eyes. She had never admired that ruddy hair of hers—had been rather ashamed of it in fact—but since Dare's coming she had looked at it critically more than once—soft, silky, straight and lustrous—wonderful hair had she only known it, and after every survey better reconciled to its uncompromising blue. Dare had called it beautiful, and already Nora's eyes saw through reflected light.

She became conscious, presently, that another sound was mingling with the beating of the surf upon the shore, growing nearer and clearer, and she started up, looking out with eager, questioning eyes. Yes, there it was without a doubt. A glittering equipage, drawn by high-stepping bays in silver-mounted harness, and a colored driver upon the box. Such magnificence quite dazzled Nora's unaccustomed eyes. She held her breath and looked again at the coachman, with a flourish of a whip, drew up the carriage before the house not a dozen rods away. A man sprung down and hurried toward to meet Dare advancing over the sands. From her little upper window she watched the meeting.

"Dare, my dear fellow! I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself after all the anxiety you've managed to set astir. You're taking it deuced cool, too, so far as I have an opportunity of judging at this point. What sort of an account of yourself do you expect to give a certain fair divinity when you meet? Seriously, though, I'm agreeably disappointed at finding you in such first-class trim, not at all like the wrecked and lonely mariner on the desert shore style I was expecting to find."

"Vivian! What in the name of wonder brought you here? None the less glad to see you, my dear boy, but I'd as soon have expected to run across you at the north pole. Come along in out of this sun and we'll have mutual explanations at leisure."

"First, how long is it going to take you to get up your traps? I'm engaged to bring you back with me some time during the morning. You have some anxious friends waiting your appearance at the hotel in Brewster. I assure you their anxiety at their sudden interest then, as to trips, I'm not numbered with that sort of material. I've been expected to run in five minutes, and I'll drive back with you in the course of an hour, that is, supposing you have changes enough to supply me with a suitable outfit for the time. Truth to tell, I was beginning to weary a trifle at the monotony here."

"I should think so," dryly, with a glance at the bare tower and the low, dark dwelling. Then, pausing to speak to the coachman, directly he turned to drive slowly up the shore and return in an hour, the two strolled side by side into the cottage. Nora drew back from the window as they turned that way, but with all the doors and windows standing wide, every word floated up to her, clearly distinct.

"Now, how did you come to find me out?" Dare asked, drawing chairs for them both in the cool, low room. "Got a weed about you? I haven't enjoyed the luxury of smoking for two days."

"And you appear to have stood it like an anchorite. Here, a prime one, I assure you. A rumor was brought into Barnstable by a party of fishermen of a solitary voyager wrecked, somewhere in this direction, having sustained more or less damages by the way, and reported to be lying in a more or less critical condition in some such snuggerly as this. I chanced to stumble across a member of your original party, whose information regarding your latest whim seemed to point you out as the luckless individual in question."

"And, as usual, Rumor had the best, or the worst of it in this case. My little adventure was by no means so desperate." He recounted it briefly, omitting, however, any person, and especially the maiden, whose watchfulness had proved such an efficient aid to his rescue. "Here I have been ever since, in lazy enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*, my only reason for lingering, the sheer lack of energy to take myself away."

"Oh, blow that, Dare! As if anything ever drew you out of your way without a feminine mixed in the case. You may as well confess first as last. Who is the 'she' in this case, bound to suffer for your lordship's amusement?"

"On my word, you give me too great honor, Vivian. Dare's cool, drawing voice had an insinuating sound to the ear of the listener above. "You're entitled to know, however, my dear fellow, that I am who is so anxiously awaiting you in Brewster?"

"Really, begging your pardon, so far as I see, any one with a probable interest in me could have no posed, in business in Brewster. Go ahead; I'm quite willing to listen."

"What would the fair Miss Ferguson say to that, I wonder? You might have some feminine mixed in regard to making peace there. The lovely Augusta very properly concludes that she has something to forgive on this last score."

"Dare paused, but as the other made no show of helping him out, concluded that she is here?"

"Nowhere else, my dear fellow. Consider such devotion! You treated her confoundingly shabby, too. After promising to meet her party at Newport a good three weeks ago, you break that contract to take up with a roistering bachelor party, leaving the coolest possible note of explanation behind, and it

not pass along the word that a body of horsemen was approaching.

Red Hawk had accompanied the Kiowa chief, Opishka, Koaki, until the more difficult portion of the journey was over, and the captured stock so accustomed to the trail that the savages would find little difficulty in keeping them together and going in the right direction. Then, after making arrangements with the chief as to where they were to meet next, he headed for the Hawks' Nest, eager to again behold the fair Anita, whose charms had set his sensual nature afire. Besides this, he was anxious to conclude arrangements and start upon the grand raid that would make his very name a wonder and marvel throughout the South-west. Little did he dream of what had occurred during his absence, else his fierce curses would have been more subdued, or leveled at the desert warriors.

The discovery came soon enough. The mouth of the pass was reached, but instead of the peaceful, cozy little village nestled there in the shadow of the evergreen hills, a scene of bleak and staring desolation greeted his astounded gaze. Little piles of ashes, gaunt wolves and ragged vultures and buzzards marled and fought over the scattered bones that, clean picked and polished, afforded not even a mouthful of gristle to stay their raging hunger.

It was a terrible shock. Even those outlaws, thieves and murderers had hearts that could love. Many of them had left wife and child here, when they took up the trail. And now—where were they? Ah! yonder scattered bones, dismembered, scarred by the strong wolf-teeth, told too plainly the dread truth.

The first shock over, the men leaped from their saddles and ran here and there, shouting the names of their beloved ones, hoping against hope that they might have fled to the densely-wooded hills and there escaped the death that befell the others. But only the echo replied—that and the lugubrious howlings of the half-famished wolves, the sullen flapping of wings or an occasional harsh croak as the winged scavengers hovered above the basin, loth to abandon the scene that had furnished them such a glorious feast.

Several of the Red Hawks, who had not left a wife or children in the doomed village, were quietly searching for some clue to the mystery—and they soon succeeded. One of them approached Jack Hawk, who sat his horse like one dazed, and silently held up a bow and several arrows.

"You see who did it now, cap'n," the veteran said, slowly.

Red Hawk started, then seized the weapons and carefully examined them. The arrows were flint-headed, short and stout. Just below the head were three circular stripes or bands, half an inch wide; the center one blood-red, the outer ones black. The bow was a curious piece of work, heavy and cumbersome. To form it, hundreds of pieces of buffalo-horn had been used, the thin layers so ingeniously fitted together, so firmly bound with wire-like sinews, that scarce a joint could be detected, the whole forming a weapon over a yard in length, so strong and sturdily that it seemed impossible for mortal arm to bend it. Red Hawk recognized the work.

"The Man-eaters—the Cayugas," he exclaimed.

"Them dirty varmints, fer a fact, Cap'n Jack. Ah! now you kin guess why so many of these bones hev bin burnt."

"You think—"

"I know, boss. The hounds roared an' ett the karkidges of our folks. Ef they tuck any captives, they'll roast 'em, too, as soon as they git back to thar town," grated the old man.

"Not if we can help it! Ho! there—scatter and hunt for the trail! We'll have pay for this work if we have to follow the red devils clear to their desert home!" cried Red Hawk, now fully aroused, and he himself led the way back through the pass and beyond the tract of shingle to where a trail could first be picked up.

There was little difficulty in finding it, where over two hundred horses had passed along. And then the Red Hawks flew swiftly along the broad trail, stern and determined.

It is unnecessary to follow them, mile by mile. The trail was more than one day old, by several hours, but the Red Hawks passed over the ground far more rapidly than the Cayugas had, for, be it remembered, the cannibals had obliged their captives to walk, while on their first day's retreat. Thus, it lacked over an hour to sunset when the Red Hawks neared the first night's camp of the cannibals—the one where the Kiowa brave was sacrificed to their war-god.

The reader may think it strange that the outlaws did not use more precaution—why they did not send forth a scout to examine the timber *motte* before the main body advanced. And yet, why should they? The trail was full twenty-four hours old. The Cayugas were making all haste toward their desert home, and would not loiter by the way for fear of pursuit. In that wild, lone portion of the country, one might ride for days and even weeks without meeting a living human, much less a party strong enough to give them trouble—numbering, as they did, full three-score stout, thoroughly-armed men. There seemed to be no danger. The *motte* appeared utterly devoid of human life. And so the Red Hawks galloped blindly on to their death!

Red Jack Hawk was riding in front, and his keen eye detected something suspicious, when scarce twenty yards from the timber. Something bright and glittering, like the flash of polished steel in the rays of the setting sun. Trained in a rough school, where the quickest eye and surest hand generally gained the victory, his action was prompt now, and undoubtedly saved his life. Quick as thought he prostrated himself along the neck of his mustang, uttering a cry of warning to his men.

But the cry was never heard. It was drowned by a loud crash—fifty rifles exploding at the same moment, hurling their death-hall full in the faces of the astounded outlaws, nearly half of whom went down before the withering volley, dead or dying. And then came another volley, followed by wild, ringing cheers as the smoke-wilted foliage parts and scores of roughly-clad figures spur their horses out from the cover.

What a terrible chance had these two seconds wrought! The body of Red Hawks trotting along, full of life and animal spirits, and now—! The prairie covered with dead and dying, with men and horses, writhing, groaning, screaming in agony. Of the strong band, not one fifth were alive and unharmed, and these, cowed by the frightful laughter of their comrades, turned to seek safety in flight, urging their tired horses on with voice and spur.

"After them—don't let one escape!" thundered a tall, athletic man, bespreading a clean-limbed States horse, who in vain sought to writhing away, bleeding, writhing bodies. "You, Murphy, Toole and Tamplin, take one of the hounds alive!"

With these words, the leader of the Man-hunters—for the reader will recognize Walter

Dugrand in the speaker—dashed after a swiftly-fleeing fugitive, from whom his gaze had never been removed since a few words uttered in his ear by Murphy, Toole, just before the first volley. And, hearing the rapid thundering close in his rear, Red Hawk glanced over his shoulder at his pursuer. A startling change came over his florid face—now turned to a sickly sallow tinge, his eyes protruding from their sockets, his teeth chattering together like one suffering from the ague.

Dugrand drew a revolver and leveled it. The report came, sharp and clear, and the outlaw and his horse went down in a heap. Dugrand drew rein, and cried:

"Get up, Jack Hawk. I am glad to see you, at last, after nearly twenty years of steady trailing. Up, man—up, I say, or I'll kill you as you lay, without giving you time to utter a single prayer."

"I can't—I'm crippled—my leg is broken," groaned the Red Hawk, as he rolled painfully aside to avoid the dying struggles of his mustang.

"I shot the horse, not you," muttered Dugrand. Nevertheless he dismounted and approached the outlaw, keeping on his guard against a sudden shot or knife-thrust, and his first move was to completely disarm the Red Hawk.

"What are you going to do with me?" the wretch whispered, hoarsely, all his bravado gone, his brute courage fled.

"You may well ask that, Red Hawk. For twenty years, almost, I have hunted you—you know what cause I had. It's a heavy—a black score you've got to settle, Jack Hawk. I don't think there'll be much left of you when it's balanced."

"You won't murder me—a crippled man?" "Murder—and you?" laughed Dugrand, sneeringly. "Bah! you sicken me. I thought you had the courage of a wolf, at least, but you are a miserable, cowardly cur—a dog you have lived, and a dog you shall die!"

"We've got one of the varmints alive, as you said, boss," quoth Murphy, Toole, riding up at this moment.

"It don't much matter, since I've got my man, here. Lend a hand, Toole, and we'll carry him to the timber. We'll stop there to-night," tersely said Dugrand.

Between them they lifted the Red Hawk, whose left leg had really been shattered by the fall from his horse, and with a good deal of groaning upon his part, finally reached the spring in the *motte*. Here he was deposited beside the bound form of the other captive, Dick Croghan, the old plainsman, who had first solved the mystery of the destroyed village, by finding the weapons dropped by the Cayugas. Besides these two, not half a dozen of the Red Hawks had escaped the deadly ambush, and they only by suifrance. For once the Man-hunters were surfeited with blood.

A fire was built beside the spring. Walter Dugrand turned Red Hawk around and propped him up so that the light shone full upon his face. Then, squatting down beside him, the avenger uttered, in a low, even tone:

"I'm going to tell you a little story, Red Hawk, and you will set me right if I make any mistake. Only be careful what you say. You are under trial for your life, now."

"Twenty-three years ago, we both lived in Louisiana. I had just come into my property—one of the richest in the whole State. You were a gentleman of leisure—or, to speak plainer, a gambler, a sharper, who lived by his wits. You sought my acquaintance, and through your toadying and fawning, gained my confidence. You initiated me into the mysteries of draw-poker, and made a pretty good thing of it. But you grew reckless, and, one evening, at the club house, I detected you cheating. I exposed you—gave you a sound kicking; from that day you were a marked man—not even the niggers would speak to you, willingly."

"Well, I sowed my wild oats, and married. For two years I was happy, for my wife loved me, and I fairly idolized her and our baby daughter. Then, nineteen years ago, business called me to New Orleans. When I returned my wife and child were gone, the slaves knew not where. They could only tell me that a white man came to the house, hurriedly, and said he bore important news for my wife. She saw him—threw on her wraps, and, taking the baby, got into the carriage and departed, without leaving word where she was going, or what had called her away."

"I took up the trail, and though I often lost it for weeks and even months at a time, I finally traced them to Nacogdoches. The party that consisted of a big red-haired man, whose description agreed with what you were then, a smaller man, with only one eye, and my wife and child. I lost the trail. You had vanished, no one could tell where. From that day to this I have hunted you. Six months since I struck the right trail, and became convinced that the notorious Red Hawk was my man. I raised a party of true men—the same who have just wiped out your entire band—and here I am."

"Now, Jack Hawk, what have you to say? Tell me the truth, or by all the fiends of Hades, I will put you to the torture—I will make you suffer ten thousand deaths in one, and end by roasting you alive! Speak!"

"What do you want me to say?" whined the cowed outlaw.

"Where is my wife and child? Tell me that, first—in one word, are they still living?"

"Yes, they are—or were when I saw them last."

"How long since? Be careful what you say—if you attempt to deceive me now—?"

"Three days ago. I'll tell you the truth. You've got me in a corner, and lying 'll do no good," sullenly muttered Hawk.

"Go on, then—tell me the whole story, from the first," added Dugrand, calming his agitation by a powerful effort. "How came my wife to leave her home to go with you?"

"She thought she was going to you. I sent her a message, saying that you had been severely wounded in a duel—that you were not expected to live, and wished to see her before you died."

"Ha! you dog!" snarled Dugrand, clutching the outlaw by the throat, and shaking him as a cat does a rat.

"Better let him tell his story fast, cap'n," coolly said Toole.

"You're right—I forgot myself. Go on, Jack Hawk," said Dugrand, releasing the almost suffocated wretch.

"I'll see you cursed first!" gasped Red Hawk, as he recovered his breath. "You mean to murder me, anyway, and I'll go under with a close mouth. You'll learn nothing more from me!"

Dugrand made no reply in words, but caught up a blazing brand and pressed it against the outlaw's breast, who in vain sought to writhing away, yelling and cursing with pain.

"Mercy—for love of God! mercy!" he shrieked, in agony.

"Go on, then. Tell me every thing," sternly ordered Dugrand.

The wretch, as soon as he could control his voice, obeyed. He knew that the stern avenger would show him no mercy in the end, but, coward-like, he wished to protract the fatal moment as long as possible, and so strung out his confession to a length that would sorely task the patience of the reader, was it all recorded here. A synopsis must suffice.

Mrs. Dugrand fell into the trap, and, with her baby daughter, entered the carriage waiting. They crossed the river, and that night were joined by Jack Hawk, who undecieved his victim. And what could she do? Nothing. He carried her to Texas, abandoning the carriage and riding horseback. At Nacogdoches, knowing that she was entirely at his mercy, and unable to fight his strong passions any longer, she consented to a ceremony that, though of course it was not legal, since her husband was living, in a manner soothed her conscience, and a priest pronounced them man and wife. Hawk left the place suddenly, learning that Dugrand was upon his trail.

Stunned upon his tracks and returned to the States, where he lived for years, making a living by the cards and still more respectable means. Then, three years ago, he found himself again in Texas; formed a band of outlaws, and soon made his name known far and wide.

"Where are they now?" demanded Dugrand, impatiently.

"In the hands of the Cayugas—a tribe of cannibals. They burned my town, but I found the footprints of Chiquita and Carmela among those of the captives. We were on the trail, to rescue them, when you attacked us."

"You mean that this Chiquita, as you call her, and Carmela, are my wife and child?"

"Yes, they are. That is, if they are alive now," and Red Hawk could not entirely hide a look of devilish exultation, for he believed that he would be avenged, even in death.

"If you'll trust me, boss," said Dick Croghan, "I'll take you to the hidden-place of these cannibals, as you call 'em. I know the trail like a book."

"Wait—I'll talk with you after a while. Now, Jack Hawk," said Dugrand, turning to the crippled outlaw, "of course you know what to expect. I've sworn to kill you, and I mean to keep my word. I did intend to torture you as horribly as I could, but that would only degrade me to your own level. I will kill you easily. You have just ten minutes more of life. Make the most of it. Pray, if you can, for mercy hereafter."

The craven wretch begged and pleaded for mercy—that he was not fit to die. Dugrand crouched before him, watch in hand, counting off the seconds, while he held a revolver muzzle against the outlaw's temple. The firelight flickered fretfully, casting weird, fantastic shadows around. The Man-hunters stood in a circle, watching for the end with bated breath. Dugrand closed his watch.

"Mercy—spare me, for the love of—"

The revolver exploded—Red Hawk fell forward upon his face, dead.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE SLAUGHTER-PEN.

SHKOTE-NAH, the giant chief of the Cayugas, discovered that the prairie was on fire long before Old Bull's-Eye and Carmela, as their pursuers suspected the cause of the peculiar density of the atmosphere. He called a halt and held a hurried consultation with several of his oldest braves, the result of which was an abrupt change in their course. Veering to the left, they rode on at a gallop, the captives placed in the center and forced forward with the rest. The Cayugas were sternly silent. A vague dread possessed the captives. They knew that some danger was threatening, but could only surmise its nature, or if any one was wiser, he could not make known the truth, for the rapid tramping of near a thousand hoofs upon the hard, dry prairie would have drowned his voice most effectually.

On, on! The air grew denser, more heavily laden with pungent, acrid smoke and feathery black cinders. And far away toward the setting sun, a dull reddish glow began to grow and spread, marking the swift progress of the prairie scourge.

Then came a long, shrill yell from one of the leading braves, and the anxious expression that had previously deepened upon the faces of the Cayugas, gave place to one of great satisfaction. Let the fire-fend do its worst, now, it could not injure them. The object of their mad race almost directly toward the fire, was now made apparent. Before them yawned a wide, deep barranca. For this the Cayugas had headed, crossing near twenty miles of trackless waste, yet not deviating one hundred yards from a direct line.

This barranca—which might almost be called a *crevasse*—was a peculiar one, since, unlike the majority, it could not have been formed by the action of water. Its extreme length was less than one mile. Its width was nearly one hundred yards. Its depth, full forty yards. These dimensions would answer pretty nearly for any portion of the barranca.

The sides sloped abruptly down to the bottom, which was some twenty yards wide, level and smooth, formed of a bed of rock. In rainy weather this huge trough was partially filled with water, but now the rocky sides and bottom were dry as chalk.

This was the refuge so eagerly sought by the Cayugas, the only spot within half a day's ride where they could bid defiance to the prairie fire. And yet a descent into the barranca appeared impracticable without abandoning the horses to their fate. Many a steady-nerved man would have thought twice before attempting the descent on foot.

At a motion from Shkote-nah, a Cayuga urged his mustang to the escarpment; but the pony balked, snorting suspiciously. A brave thrust his lance-point into his hips, and with a sharp whicker the brute plunged forward. Squatting flat upon his haunches, with fore-feet extended, the pony slid rapidly down the winding trail, turning the sharp corners as by instinct, the Cayuga lying flat along his hips, untouched by the bridle, or rather halter. The feat was accomplished without other injury than a few patches of skin from off of the mustang's hind-quarters.

In rapid succession this performance was imitated, and half an hour later the entire party were at the bottom of the barranca. Only one serious accident occurred. One of the captives, a white man, lost his presence of mind, and lifting his head, sought to guide his animal by the halter. Its balance destroyed, the mustang struck its fore-feet against a point of rock and was hurled forward, heels over head, turning over and over until reaching the rocky bottom, when it fell upon and crushed its unskillful rider to a jelly, breaking its own neck.

The giant chief carried Anita down, and performed the feat safely. But the greatest danger was when the extra animals, terrified by the fire beyond, began the descent, crowding rapidly after each other, alighting in a confused, struggling heap at the foot of the slide.

Fortunately there was room enough for the Cayugas and captives to stand clear of the living avalanche, else a grand tragedy would have been the result, instead of only a few crippled horses.

During this scene of confusion, Anita managed to slip away and join her brother and Perry Abbot, and, being still unbound, was embraced by first one, then the other. It was their first actual greeting, for the jealous watchfulness of Shkote-nah had prevented more than the interchange of glances, but now he was otherwise occupied.

There was much to talk about, and brother and sister mingled their tears as they thought of their father and his horrible end—for Anita still believed that he had been murdered and burned in the rancho. Then they were interrupted. The giant chief removed Anita to one side.

The air was growing more and more offensive, even at the bottom of the barranca. The red light above increased, and cinders fell in soft, feathery clouds. But it was not this that caused the uneasy looks of the Cayugas.

A dull, heavy rumbling, at first distant and indistinct, had gradually increased in volume until now it sounded like the warning mutterings of thunder that heralds a violent storm. And the sides of the barranca seemed to shake. Particles of earth were dislodged, and rolled pattering down to the bottom.

And then a shrill, whistling sound from above drew the eyes of all in that direction. The front and wide-spread antlers of a magnificent elk were outlined against the lurid sky. For one moment the animal stood there; then, as if driven frantic with fear, his lithe form stretched out in one magnificent leap, and then—a dull, heavy thud! Shooting through the air like a meteor, the elk was crushed into a shapeless mass against the rocks that lined the base of the opposite side.

Perry and Luis exchanged glances. This, then, was the solution of the rumbling—a stampede of thousands of wild animals! The fire might spare them, but would the maddened animals be equally merciful?

As if in answer to the unuttered question, a wild horse plunged blindly down the barranca, amidst the warning yells of the Cayugas, and before the space could be cleared, a Cayuga and his horse were crushed beneath the falling body. And then, in swift succession, came two wolves, an antelope and a jaguar, scattering the savages in every direction. The jaguar alighted close before Shkote-nah and Anita.

The giant chief drew his heavy hatchet and pushed the maiden behind him, boldly facing the maddened brute, that, snarling and gnashing its long white teeth, seemed about to leap upon the Cayuga, though, in truth, it was so confused and bewildered by its sudden fall that there was little danger to be feared from it, at least just at present.

But the chief did not reason thus. Having been familiar with the habits of the ferocious brute from boyhood, he did not wait for it to recover, but attacked it boldly. The heavy flint hatchet crushed the animal's skull at the first stroke; yet, such was the brute's tenacity of life that it leaped up and grappled with the Cayuga, bringing him to the ground, when they rolled over and over, locked in a death grapple. A score of braves rushed to the chief's assistance, but it was not needed. Shkote-nah arose with a little cry of victory, bleeding from a score of wounds, yet not seriously injured.

He glanced around for his captive, but Anita was not to be seen. It was no time then to seek for her. He was forced to look out for his own life. The living avalanche was now upon them in earnest, not in singles nor in pairs, but in dozens, hundreds—a constant stream of yelling, howling, snorting animals, rushing blindly upon their own death in the mad endeavor to escape that which roared and crackled so fiercely behind them.

Neighing, screaming with terror, the mustangs plunged here and there, leaping up the rocky sides only to slip and roll back again, to be stricken down by the maddened animals, as they leaped on and crowded over the escarpment.

The Cayugas leaped from their animals, and sought shelter where they might find it, scaling the precipitous rocks to gain some sheltered niche or hole. But many a warrior was torn from his perch, and dashed down to death by some falling animal. "Twas a horrible scene—one that, fortunately, is only paralleled. The barranca was converted into a veritable slaughter-pen, where man and beast died together, killed by the same blow. The yells of terror—the shrieks and groans of agony—the mad howling, the hoarse bellowing, the piercing screams of the falling animals—the constant succession of heavy thuds—ah, what men can picture such a scene? assuredly not I.

It was fortunate that the main body of the terrified animals did not strike the barranca, else the ravine would have been entirely filled with the bodies, dead or crippled. As it was the bottom was covered full twenty feet deep with the mangled, shapeless carcasses, before the living avalanche ceased.

But the end was not yet. The surviving savages could scarcely realize that the herd had passed, before they were threatened with another peril. The air suddenly grew almost unbearable, not only because of the intense heat, but from the showers of glowing sparks that fell upon every side, scorching wherever they touched the naked skin. Masses of blazing grass, long, curling weeds, whose stalks, filled with gas, would explode with a sharp report, scattering the red-hot coals in every direction, were hurled before the sea of fire, whose low roaring, mingled with long, reverberating echoes that sounded like the discharge of thousands of muskets.

Gasping, panting for breath, almost suffocated, those who had scrambled highest up the rocks in order to escape the falling animals, now endeavored to seek lower coverts, but more than one succumbed to the frightful heat, and fainting, only awoke in another world.

Nearer, still nearer, until the fiery tongues start out over the quivering mass of dead and dying, darting here and there, licking around the blood-stained rocks, spending their force against the living bodies, filling the ravine with a sickening smell of wasting flesh and burnt hair, and then the monster wall of fire leaps and plays on the very verge of the barranca, launching out its tongues, in the vain endeavor to leap across the wide barrier, and clutch in its writhing embrace the quivering weeds and grass beyond, and then, for want of fresh fuel, the wave subsides, but not until the grass upon the opposite side had ignited from the blazing stalks carried across by the wind.

It was fully an hour before any human being stirred, in that vast slaughter-pen, so overcome were even the strongest by the baptism of fire. The air was even yet like an oven. The rocks were still scorching hot. But then, one by one the surviving Cayugas ventured out of their holes, each one believing himself to be the sole survivor, until he heard his feeble call answered. They gathered together—a woeful remnant of the proud, powerful band that had attacked the Hawks' Nest.

Less than a score in all, weak and trembling; Shkote-nah turned aside his head, and quivered like a leaf as he saw this.

But then his wonted stoicism returned. He bade his braves go search every nook and cranny among the rocks, setting the example himself. Several braves were found still living, but too weak to answer the signals. The chief uttered a little cry of delight as he caught a glimpse of a white face through a crevice, and tore aside the rocks that had rolled down and blocked the entrance; but his look of eager anticipation changed as he noted the long gray hair. It was Chiquita, not Anita, the golden-haired girl.

Pain and breathless from his exertions, he sunk back, the dry, cracked tongue lolling from his mouth. Even his iron frame could endure no more. Without water, they must die!

Was it in answer to this mute appeal that the heavy clouds parted and poured a torrent of rain over the glowing rocks, the scorched and blackened prairies? The savages believed so, and the thought gave them courage, as they eagerly lapped up the pools that settled in every hollow. They did not know that this was the natural result of such a tremendous fire.

Thus refreshed, they renewed their search. Several more Cayugas were found, also two of the Red Hawks. Chiquita was revived by the rain, and, owing to the nature of her covert, had escaped with but a few bruises. The fire had not reached her, though the intense heat had caused her to faint.

In vain Shkote-nah hunted for Anita. She had vanished. But where? Had she been stricken down by the falling animals? It must have been so, else she would have been found, for the chief did not relinquish the hope of regaining the fair captive whom he had destined to be his squaw until he had thoroughly examined every yard of the barranca to which she could possibly have fled during the brief interval between his attacking the jaguar and the time when he first missed her.

But his search was fruitless, and he gave the signal to depart. The Cayugas scaled the rocks and gained the prairie, which, though blackened and dreary, was rendered cool by the rain. And, with Chiquita, they started for their home, the cannibal stronghold.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 255.)



HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY JOHN HAY.

I pray you, pardon me, Elsie, And smile that frown away That dims the light of your lovely face As thunder clouds the day. Before I thought, 'twas done— And those gray eyes flashed bright and cold Like an icicle in the sun.

I was thinking of the summer When we were boys and girls, And wandering in the blossoming woods, And the gay winds romped with your curls; And you seemed to me the same little girl, I kissed in the elder path. I kissed the little girl's lips, and alas! I have roused a woman's wrath.

There is not much to pardon. For why were your lips so red? The blonde fell in a shower of gold From the proud, provoking head, And the beauty that flashed from the splendid eyes And played round the tender mouth, Rushed over my soul like a warm, sweet wind That blows from the fragrant South.

And where, after all, is the harm done? I believe we were made to be gay, And all of youth not given to love Is vainly squandered away. And strewn through life's labors, Like gold in the desert sands, Are love's swift kisses and sighs and vows, And the clasp of clinging hands.

And when you are old and lonely, In memory's magic shrine You will see on your thin and waning hands, Like gems, those kisses of mine. And when you muse at evening, At the sound of some vanished name The ghost of my kisses shall touch your lips And kindle your heart to flame.

The Letter-Box.

W. H. J. (Athol Depot) writes: "If I take a friend into a gentleman's house where there is a gentleman and lady, to which should I first introduce my friend?"

If you take a friend to any person's house, first introduce him or her to the host and hostess; and if then becomes their duty to introduce to yourself and friend whoever else may be present.

GILL S. (Pine Hollow) says: "I am a dry-goods clerk, and deeply in love with my employer's niece, and I think she is with me. My employer's daughter loves me also, and she will break her heart if we are parted. It will break mine to be parted from his niece. What is best to do?"

We fear you delude yourself with the idea that hearts break easily. Do not feel any anxiety on that score, but go ahead and do that which is right—marry. If you can get her, the girl that you love and that loves you. You should not hesitate in such a case. Never think of marrying any one out of pity. Marriage should be based upon the true love of both parties.

LIZZIE T. E. (Brooklyn) writes: "Please decide a dispute. A gentleman friend of my sister's, who pays her considerable attention, is always ready to serve her as escort when called upon, called at the house yesterday for an autograph album she had been writing in. She sent down by a servant, without any message, and I think she should have gone down herself. She does not agree with me. Which way would have been most in accordance with etiquette?"

If the gentleman sent no message to your sister, nor asked to see her, simply inquired for his book, it was not imperative for her to go down. Still it would have been more graceful and gentlemanly for her to have returned the book with her own hands or to have sent some pleasant message down with it.

W. A. V. (Albany) writes: "I have been keeping company with a lady about a year. Lately another gentleman has been calling upon her, and she will not speak to me. Would it be proper for me to ask her for an explanation?" It would not be at all amiss for you to seek an explanation, if you are not satisfied with that afforded by her conduct. Send a friendly note asking if your friendship is to be considered at an end, and why.

JACK HARKAWAY (Nashville, Tenn.) writes: "It is rather a difficult task to tell a gentleman how to make his wife 'mind him,' and it implies a relationship that should not exist between two reasonable beings. A husband who loved and respected his wife would scarcely desire to reduce her to the same level with his dog, and compel her to obey him. Marriage is not a synonym for slavery, and you should desire between yourself and spouse not the relationship of servant and master but the existence of mutual esteem and co-operation. Make only reasonable requests of her, and those as gallantly as you would if she were your betrothed instead of your wife, and see if she will not try to please you. Consult her upon subjects, and state your wishes, but avoid giving commands."

JACK (Peach Yan) writes: "I am deeply in love with a lady, who I believe returns my affection ardently, and all there is to hinder our union is that she is a Catholic and I a Protestant. She says she will not marry a Protestant, and I surely will not marry a Catholic. What is to be done?"

Stay married, my friend. In course of time one of you may grow less obstinate; but it is to be hoped that you will each find some other person more nearly your affinity—religiously.

THE Saturday Journal

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The Arm-Chair.

"But what has become of our *Camp-Fire Yarns*?" demands a correspondent. "Has the fire burnt down with the death of our beloved Ralph Ringwood? Is there no one to replenish it? Where are all our Hunter-Authors? Are they all asleep?"

We answer—by no means "asleep." What with serials whose action covers the field of Camp-Fire, Trail and Wilderness adventure, the SATURDAY JOURNAL has kept its readers alive to the interest excited by Ringwood. Badger, Oll Coomes, Capt. Howard, Albert W. Aiken, etc., etc., all have won laurels as delineators of Wild Western Life which any narrator might well envy.

We may add that we yet have on hand a considerable number of Ringwood's manuscripts—real Camp-Fire Yarns—which will be given from time to time. They are, indeed, some of his best work. We also have in our manuscript safe's stories of adventure and personal experience in the Wild West which it will afford lovers of the literature of adventure great delight to read. No paper ever published can vie with the SATURDAY JOURNAL in this field. The fact that our columns are more quoted from than the other weeklies tells its own story.

We may well say the "chromo premium" business has played out when we see pictures "richly worth three dollars" sold for ten cents each by street vendors.

These pictures, about the size of the average premium chromo offered by the religious and secular press, are mounted on heavy binder's board so as to be ready for immediate hanging, without frame, and are sold to the vendors, by the importers, for one dollar per dozen.

Many of them really are admirable examples of color painting. Landscape, fruit and flower pieces, game, animal, human figures and domestic scenes are included in these street displays, so that all tastes are gratified.

It is a good thing for the people when such pictures are offered at rates so reasonable that even the humblest home may ornament its walls; and though the chromo "premium" business may suffer, the public are large gainers when "a choice work of art," "richly worth three dollars," is to be had, ready mounted, for the modest sum of ten cents.

As bearing somewhat on the above, we have this, from a gentleman who has acted as agent for numerous papers and magazines:

"I get letters and papers almost weekly, proposing to give a chromo daub, or a brass watch, or a toothpick for premium or extra inducement. These dodges won't work any longer. As an agent I want a publisher to say just what cash inducements he offers for my services, for brass watch, or toothpick, 'plate' don't pay board or make a respectable man think more of himself for disseminating them."

This is the value which both agents and readers attach to the "inducements" held out by many of our weekly papers and monthly magazines. The SATURDAY JOURNAL never has participated in these offers, and only requires in cash those agents and friends who assist in widening its circulation.

Sunshine Papers.

Delayed by the Ice.

It is an amusement exclusively confined to residents of neighboring cities, that glance superciliously at each other across a division line of water, commonly defined in geographical cities answering the above description, beg leave to state that we do not consider ourselves a selfish class of mortals. If we appear so, because of our monopoly of this peculiar amusement, we beg all friends and neighbors, debarred from the like pleasure, not to score against us an unpardonable sin, but believe that we are wholly, and quite without consultation regarding our wishes, the victims of circumstances. Indeed, all of us, who endeavor to follow the precepts inculcated by the golden rule—would willingly love our neighbors as ourselves to the degree of allowing them a bountiful share in this fascinating amusement. But does not even the good St. Paul inform us that "the good that I would I do not"? And are not we even more excusable than he? Since such blessings are showered upon us, can we do aught but bear them with fitting humility, and exhort you to whom they are denied to accept the deprivation with patience?

However, there is no reason why we should monopolize the amusement, and, also, our blissful experiences. Who knows but the relation of them might cheer some weary hour?

Every one knows that amusements, so classed, are more or less truly amusing as experienced under certain states of mind, and circumstance. For instance: Mrs. Jones goes to the theater simply to escort country relatives to see a play she has already witnessed four times; she knows that the baby is sick, and that, for failure to pay her last month's gas bill, the meter has been taken away, and kerosene lamps are burning in the house. Again: She goes in a delightful way with Mr. Jones,

when all domestic relations are harmonious; she has on a love of a new bonnet, and the play is a new one she is "actually dying to see." Of course she is much better amused in the latter case than in the former, especially as this is a new lease upon life.

So the quintessential conveyed by "ice in the river" is best appreciated under certain circumstances: to those persons who are upon one side, and have urgent reasons for desiring to cross instantly, "ice in the river" is thoroughly amusing!

What recreation half so enjoyable as getting up in the dusk of a winter's morn, riding in a cold, crowded car, and reaching the river-side, to witness the grand panorama of lazily-floated ice-fields? How delightful to be able to see the whole picture free, instead of paying to see a painted bit of it hung in an art gallery. How healthy and bracing the air that keeps the thermometer below zero! How one envies the Esquimaux their privilege of living in such the year round! How one shudders at the remembrance of last summer's horrible "heated term!" How one's fellow-voyagers, in their neighborliness, kindness and jubilation, crowd one and step upon one's toes, and what a delicious sensation of numbness those aforesaid toes possess; and how slowly and gracefully the ice moves; and how laughable to think that a lucrative situation depends upon one's being across the river within an hour, when one can not reach there within double that time! And, when on the boat, while a charming, spicy, (frosty might have answered as descriptive there,) hazardous little adventure it is to stand outside the chain and ruminate upon what one end would be if one should happen to slide, or be pushed, across the six inches of deck that intervene between one and the delightful bathing-place below.

The situation was lost; and was it not all charming?

The amusement of being "delayed by ice" is intensified, if failure to keep an appointment on the other side of the river involves the loss of twenty or thirty thousand dollars; or causes a lawyer to be missing one whole day from his place at a great American law-suit. (For life is uncertain, and even such distinguished men as lawyers cannot feel positive that they will be spared until 1900, and wish to win fame while they may.)

The prominent points connected with this amusement are, to reach the ferry early, wait a couple of hours, and decide to return home; to make the attempt, and make it in vain; to find yourself in so great a crowd that it is impossible to move any of the muscles of your body, except those connected with your eyelids and feet; the aforesaid feet making two of the keys that are playing a tattoo, that for volume of sound and number of performers outstrips the anvil chorus of the great Boston Jubilee.

People to right of you,
People to left of you,
People behind you,
More than six hundred!

You can only see those in front of you. One woman has an injured-looking expression, as if of one in the congregation before her. Next to her stands a man who has every appearance of having been to his own funeral, and not being at all satisfied that circumstances did not allow him to stay there. There is another who has, probably, heard his grandfather's will read and did not receive any of the money. Near them towers a six-foot, broad-shouldered, yellow-whiskered, cheerful-faced masculine, who looks the happiest man in the crowd. We stand—as is the fashion at these ferries—like sheep in the shambles. After we have watched a ferry-boat walking around the end of the pier for an hour and a half, she suddenly grows tired, drops quietly into her place, and our keeper throws open our pen, and we board that boat. I cannot say we are strictly decorous, but when one is having "lots of fun" one is apt to forget some of the dignities and proprieties of life.

We do not look to see where we are going; we shut our eyes and are carried along—unless we open them to see whether the whole of one is drifting to the same place. After we are all on board, as thick as black ants at a battle, the boat considerably slides far enough out of the pier to prevent our leaving her until she and the ice allow. And then what fun we have! We shout, we stamp, we sing, we cry for more air, we howl for more heat, we push, we crowd, we growl, we growl, and look with cannibalistic eyes upon every woman with a basket, or young children, and think every one is behaving barbarously to ourselves. People will say and do many things with a crowd that they would not disgrace themselves by doing in an individual capacity.

And when at last we reach the shore, and think of all the fun we have had, you may be sure we wish, very expressively, that every one could have the experience of "ice in the river."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

ODDS AND ENDS.

"It is no use crying for spilled milk," for there are plenty more cows in the world, and all your fretting, fuming and fussing will not bring it back to you. Bear your troubles as though they were expected; show to the world if some friends prove false that there are others who will prove true. Let the world see that, if you are under a cloud to-day, you believe that to-morrow will find you in the sunshine. If you have lost money in any enterprise don't let that discourage you from trying to make up for your losses. It does not pay to give up and think you will never prosper, or that fate is against you or any such like foolish talk. If a general loss one battle he doesn't whimper over it. It spurs him bravely on to win the next.

Nights are dark but mornings must come. Clouds cover the skies but the sun wins the victory in the end, let us worry and complain ever so much. We must be strong-hearted and brave-hearted, not letting failures and disappointments discourage us. If we stub our toe what's the use of howling as though a murder had been attempted? We have nine more toes left and the tenth will soon get well again. There are more weighty matters to be considered than sore toes. Men who have lost their left hands in battle have thanked God that the right one has been spared to them; and those who have been bereft of their right eye do not cry for "spilled milk."

As we journey through life let us live by the way. If we cannot be masters, we must be content to be servants. If we cannot gain situations, whereby the work will be of a nature that won't soil our hands, we must put up with another kind. I wouldn't think any man the less a gentleman because he saved a cord of wood or put in a load of coal. I would admire his "pluck," and think he showed a great deal of manliness in the bargain. He has to live and he cannot live without work, so who can question him if he does the best he can? You may say you "would sooner starve to death than descend to such work." My dear friend, did you ever come near starving? Do

you know its horrors and pains? Did you not know it has driven men mad, and turned them into cannibals? You should not talk about what you know nothing about. We ought to respect those who are willing to do anything that is honest to gain a living; it shows the true spirit of uprightness, and they are just the sort of persons to make their way through the world. If they cannot get the pound cake they are content to put up with the bread and cheese. "As they journey through life, they will live by the way."

"Live and let live." There's a great deal of economy in that short sentence, and you ought to consider its meaning. Help yourself and help others around and about you. If you are able to put out your work it is better to do so and let others live, because you can be doing something else, and at the same time be helping somebody who needs the aid. A person would be very foolish to stay home all day to make a box—that any carpenter could have manufactured for half a dollar—and lose four or five dollars by his absence from the store. Such an individual would not be living himself, and would not allow others to live. Such practices as that would not be economy—it would be niggardliness and meanness.

One must help his neighbor—must give him work to do, and pay him as well for it as he would wish to be paid for by himself.

When an actor dies, the dramatic profession immediately come to the aid of the family, and give it a complimentary benefit. It is a good and noble way of giving relief, and God bless the thoughtful hearts of such people. They don't want to see any one suffer, and they never will if they can help it. God gave them their talents to aid and assist others, and they are to be commended for using their talent in that way. People may rail at the profession until their tongues wear out, but they still might take many a lesson in charity from it. Few are there who so nobly act up to the motto of "live and let live," as the dramatic profession.

EVE LAWLESS.

THE writer of this evidently has passed "the ordeal of the sanatorium," and under guise of a grim humor tells a story with a moral—which is, only write for the press when you have something worth saying, and say it in such phrase that the editor will be spared the pain and trouble of revision:

AUTHORSHIP.

It is the business! It is a paying business. You have to pay a good deal for stationery, and, thanks to our sapient law-makers, you have to pay letter postage on bulky manuscripts, the short-comings and long-goings of which are a perpetual source of interest to you (that is, they are a long time going, and a remarkably short time coming back); and you have to pay rather high charges on extraordinary small packages to urbane express agents, whom you are uncharitably enough to imagine rather profit by the transaction.

You are determined to be a great author. You have a brilliant idea, and you hide away to your sanctum to catch it before it shall vanish. The full tide of inspiration is upon you; adjectives, prepositions and conjunctions dart through your head like meteors, and glowing sentences drop off your pen like sap from the spile on a warm February day. (Now I look at it, that simile doesn't seem very brilliant, but I guess it will do.) When it is done you read it over with intense satisfaction. Yourself being judge, it is one of your happiest conceptions. So, in the glow of the moment, you do it up, and send it to some periodical in which you would particularly like to see it appear.

It is accepted, and on opening the next number of your paper, you are delighted to find it. But on looking at it, what a change comes over the spirit of your dreams! It is there, to be sure—what there is left of it.

The editorial pencil has pranced along it, with that sublime disregard of author's feelings peculiar to it—a whole paragraph gone here—another there, and the remains of a couple more patched together, in another place, the effect of reading the whole being somewhat similar to riding over a particularly rough causeway. You don't find it at all difficult to fill up the deserted places with remarks, and you don't favor that editor with any more manuscripts.

Then there is your experience with Jones. A great publisher is Jones—one of the princes of newspaperdom. Therefore you feel a pardonable pride when he accepts one of your best serials and reflect that its publication in the widely circulated *Weekly Screeamer* will add considerably to your reputation. When it appears, you find that your name has been carefully removed from the title, and, oh! what an exquisite feeling of gratified ambition (or something else) thrills you at the sight. You meditate taking a journey of a thousand miles, to give yourself the pleasure of punching Jones' head, but are deterred by the reflection that you paid twenty-five cents postage on a manuscript this morning, and like Byron's Dream, have "no more change."

Oh, there's lots of nice things about authorship, and chief among ten thousand is the search after original ideas. The Indians are being killed off at the rate of half a million or so a year—on paper—but authors have no compunctions of conscience in such matters, and you determine on exterminating three or four tribes with a can or two of nitro-glycerine, in your new Indian story. How you do "sling ink" for the next week or two! and just as you have got things arranged for a grand blow-up, you stop to draw breath, and pick up a late newspaper, and lo! here is a fellow who has incorporated the nitro-glycerine dodge in his story, and got it into print.

Your emotion on this discovery is, as sentimental authors say, "too sacred for the common eye." We drop the curtain.

Then what a thrilling experience it is to send your first manuscript to a publisher, and hang by a smaller thread of hope than the hair that suspended What's-his-name's sword, while you wait for the verdict! And, oh! what profound emotions agitate the bosom of a young author, as he surreptitiously carries a rejected manuscript home from the express office! The subject is too affecting—I shall have to leave it!

A. C. I.

WEDLOCK'S COMIC SIDE.

It is not a little remarkable that while every American journalist is certain to give tolerably copious accounts of the whimsicalities that occur in legal court-rooms, few regale their readers with more than a meager allusion to the proceedings in the courts of Hymen. Law is treated with profound respect; love with careless discourtesy. Justice, with her bandaged eyes, they *know* to with all the abject solitude of Japanese officials; while upon the feminine figure with the marriage torch they simply bestow a familiar nod, and pass on as if they disdained even to inquire about her health, or weather. Our cousins across the Atlantic do not know, in this respect, a leaf from our example. They have a register-general in

London whose reports are always dissected with curious interest, and the press often dwells on the singularities those reports present with evident unction. Thus they tell us that in 1870 no less than eleven gentlemen, each approaching the age of ninety, instead of "getting religion," got wives, to afford them, as it were, advanced glimpses of heaven—those

"Glimpses that saints have of heaven in dreams," which Moore so beautifully dilated upon.

Only one of these inexperienced youths of ninety, however, had the temerity to woo a lady of comparative juvenility, and she was eighty! The other ten contented themselves with "elderly females" of from thirty to thirty-five summers' ripeness. One fair and innocent coquette of sixty-five condescended to take to her blushing arms a husband of thirty; but several widows who had passed the grand climacteric and revelled in all the fascinating charms of three score and ten, doffed their weeds with a courage truly commendable, accepting husbands, however, of a somewhat corresponding age. Only fancy, though a bachelor of seventy-five, after half a century's reflection upon the perils of double harness, wedding an infant of seventy-one, while a widower of the same age, with a greater taste for the immature, carried off the heart and hand of a bride barely twenty! Three hundred and twenty-five girls married at sixteen and under, during that year, while over eight thousand bachelors married widows to console them for conjugal losses. Nearly double that number, though, preferred to wed spinsters who could not, in moments of vexation, throw up the perfections of some "dear departed," some marvelous "number one."

Foolsap Papers.

Stupendous Robbery.

ONE of the most stupendous robberies ever perpetrated occurred at my house last night. My wife awakened me by saying she heard some men in the house.

I told her I was very sorry for it, indeed, but thought we had better not disturb them.

I said if I didn't take my head out from under the cover and get up and put them out she'd scream. My wife is one of the most cruel of women.

I told her to keep quiet or they would find out where we were, and told her of the terrible fate it might await us if they should come and steal us.

She is never still under the most trying circumstances, so she yelled, and I thought I was gone.

The thieves left, however.

They got in the front door. I think they must have unscrewed the keyhole and taken it off the door, and crawled in through it; at least it was not on the door in the morning.

Every thing of any value was carried off, and to-day I am a ruined man.

I have made out a full summary of my loss and look over it with tears in my eyes and no money in my pockets.

The worst loss was my character, and it is severely felt. It was a written one, signed and given to me by thirteen of the most respectable citizens of Scragtown, many years ago, and was of inestimable value, inasmuch as it can never be replaced. It was of great service to me in years past. I never could get another one now. It is too late, too late. That was my main hold; everything seemed to depend on that. The money value of that written recommendation can be seen when I couldn't get those citizens to write another just like it for less than some creditable dollars! and then there would be some additional omissions in it.

My note of 1500 dollars is gone. This note I gave to Bilger, payable in one year, but he was going to leave, and honestly left it in my hands. And it is gone! I feel so sorry for poor Bilger, and he will hang himself when he hears of his great loss. I weep for his family, and my sensitive heart bleeds for him.

My safe, which held the accumulated earnings of a lifetime was stripped of every penny. Yes, that seventy-five cents is gone! gone, never to return. This almost breaks my heart. There was room enough in that safe to hold twenty thousand dollars, and if it had been full now that it wasn't. Surely, there is always some consolation in life's darkest hours of misfortune.

Our solid silver Britannia spoons were all taken. We got them when we were married, and we expected when our daughter gets married to set her up in housekeeping with them, but those fond hopes are now frustrated.

An excellent brass plated gold watch. This just happened to be unfortunately at home, yesterday being one of the days when it wasn't up at the silversmiths. This watch kept independent time, but no matter how it went being, this time it went for good. It was of untold value, and I have advertised to give a dollar and a quarter reward for its return.

Its hands were pointed in the direction you were going and never varied. By looking at it and inquiring of any little nigger on the road you could tell the time of day.

1200 dollars in bonds were taken; that is to say, these were ball bonds by which I got a man released from jail.

One deed of trust, valued at 140 dollars—I mean that this was a grocer's bill, just sent in, for things got on trust.

Even the mortgage that was on the house was taken by the adroit thieves.

One bottle of brandy, kept for medicinal purposes, was taken. I have reason to believe that they took it straight. It was a fat take, as a printer might observe.

My pocketbook was taken with all its valuable contents, including several valuable notes—of occurrences; one second-hand postage stamp marked three cents; one very valuable stamp of the one cent order not payable in gold; thirty-five cents in bills of the denomination of ten cents and twenty-five cents, of the issue of 1872; one very rare lead five-cent piece, not exchangeable for customs; one 50 dollar bill—tailor's, just sent in; 400 dollars in confederate scrip.

Very strange to say those experienced thieves went so far as to take my photograph, although I had my head hid under the covers. They took it off the mantelpiece. I felt alarmed lest they should take my deposition. They even took supper, the audacious rascals.

They also took my best overcoat, which cost me twenty-five dollars more than eighteen years ago. Yes, that overcoat has faded more than it ever was before.

The detectives have this case in hand, and will work it up along with the Charlie Ross case, though I have my suspicions that the burglars have flown to Europe with their booty to spend the remainder of their days in high life, but retribution sooner or later will overtake them. I'd like to retribute them. If anybody finds any of those articles in their pockets, I will reward them if returned, and a good many questions asked.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Los Angeles.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases the initials must first appear on the left margin, second, upon excellence of MSS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, bearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of the name. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following we cannot use, and return such as hold stamps for remission: "Legend of Spirit Rock"; "Burial of the Chief"; "A Dream of Spring"; "Society Pictures"; "Uncle Frank's Story"; "A Piece of Silk Work"; "Miss Parson's Brother Agent's Adventure"; "A Mixed Court"; "Sunshine in Rain."

We accept "Never Again"; "Jennie Sleeps"; "A Native Product"; "The Hollow Haunt"; "A Mother's Gift"; "Three Times Last"; "Glimpses"; "Morning Symbols"; "A Croquet Out"; "The Dance of the Desert."

W. R. D. We cannot supply the papers.

FLEMING. We will send the "Dime Etiquette" on receipt of price.

KENTUCK. Call for information upon Peck and Snyder, 136 Nassau street.—Lift your hat with your left hand.

T. H. C. Have already several times given recipes for skin eruptions. See back numbers.

JENNIE M. Cannot use MSS. It is quite as numerous as a manuscript. You'll do better after awhile.

JAC F. The coin referred to was one of numerous pennies issued during the civil war, but whose circulation was forbidden in 1864.

J. H. B. We send the paper to the address given, but will not write, as we do not care to solicit contributions of poems.

ALLAN RAMSAY. Call on Eckfeldt, at the Mint, Philadelphia, for information. Lippincott publishes Dickinson's book on manuscript. Eckfeldt & Dubois' Manual of Coins is very scarce.

A. B. Pittsburgh. Write to Navy Department, Washington, where a record is kept of all men in the naval service, if possible, give name, rank, age and place of birth, and time and place of enlistment.

CONWAY. Hong Kong is a great ice mart. So is New Orleans. So is Cairo, Egypt. They are great in the order named. You write well for a boy of fourteen. Keep on trying to improve.

B. C. The "dentist" who gave you the toothache cure described had better be avoided. Avoid a quack dentist as you would a nitro-glycerine factory.—Arctic is not poisonous to rats. Use arsenic or phosphorus.

J. BLANCHARD. Paint over the ringworm with tincture of iodine. Same remedy is capital to kill the eruption referred to. Same time, in both cases, use remedies to purify the blood.

SOUND SLEEPER. It is not safe to use any depilatory.—Harvey Birch is the character in Cooper's "Spy."—Cannot supply the paper named.—The *Western World* long since ceased publication. Supply *New and Old Friends*—18 numbers, at ten cents each.

JOE BOWERS. Mrs. Rousby is about 24 years of age. She married the married man, and was "brought out" by him.—The proper weight for a person of your age and height is about 130 to 140 pounds. More than that is superfluous flesh.

JAMBER. The number of muscles in the human body already recognized and understood, are nearly four hundred and fifty. It is believed, however, that there are others which have, and yet baffle the anatomist's search. The heart beats without any effort of the will, because the muscles of the heart are involuntary muscles—that is, they are independent of the will, and receive a continuous stimulus which is not under the control of the mind.

FRED F. S. Write War Department for all information regarding exploring parties; or any commanding general in the department of the West will probably "post" you. Prof. Marsh, of New Haven, Conn., is an independent explorer, but who has government patronage. He has explored the "Bad Lands" country again, this coming summer.—The author you inquire about resides at Viola, Iowa.—We can supply only such serials as have appeared during the last two years.

DICK TURK. A bear hybernates for four months—October to March. Bats not a mouthful during all that time, and adds to the extraordinary performance the hibernation of the people during that season of fast. This occurs generally from the middle of January to the middle of February. The pairing season occurs in the summer, from June to September. The period of gestation is about seven months, and the newly-born cubs are scarcely larger than puppies.

GRASOY, of Trenton. We have once before adverted to the character of the people of the West. Their entire number is about 30,000 souls. The nomadic or migratory Laps comprise four-fifths of the entire population of the West. They are reindeer. Their herds vary from fifty to five thousand. There have been Laplanders possessing even ten thousand reindeer. A man possessing from five hundred to a thousand reindeer is considered rich. Those who possess only fifty to one hundred are poor!

WILLIE AND JOE. East of the Rocky Mountains in midsummer the hottest place is the Great Plains, Texas, and Leavenworth, Kansas; the coolest places are Quebec, and Rochester, N. Y. New York is as hot as Savannah, and Cairo, Illinois, is as hot as Charleston, S. C., and Pembina is as hot as Philadelphia or Norfolk.

CANEM. Dogs are positively invaluable in most shooting. Go out without one, and you may not see a bird. It may seem to you that the dog is a desert. Take out a good setter or pointer, and he will find game where you would never expect it. Go out duck-shooting, and you would soon be puzzled what to do without a dog to fetch ducks within the water. Pointers and setters are good for open ground. Among trees and bushes you must keep close and watch them, or you will lose them, as they make no noise, but halt and point on windward a bird. For this reason, in woodcock and other wood shooting, many people use spaniels, because these dogs bark loudly on scenting game, and are not easily lost. To be sure they flush the game, but the sportsman takes his chance of cutting it down as it goes for the open. Such spaniels are called cocking-spaniels.

PISCATOR asks: "What are the best fish-hooks made?" In England they swear by the Limerick hooks, especially the "Shank" hooks. There are just as good now made in this country, such as the Virginia and Pennsylvania hooks with Kinsey bend. Addington & Hutchinson, and Hutchinson & Sons, are famous for the hooks imported by them here. There are many peculiarities of bend. The round bend, needle-pointed hooks are preferred for large-mouthed fish. The "Shank" hooks are more handy taken with the Sproat or O'Shaughnessy bend. You cannot be too careful to see that your hooks are of well-tempered steel. The best makers generally sell these. The "Shank" hook was used in Egypt, but without a barb, five thousand years ago.

Mrs. H. M. T. The real English style for plum pudding is as follows: Beat four eggs; stir in them one-half pound of flour and one-half pound of milk; add one-fourth pound of best stout chopped fine, one-half pound stoned raisins well floured, and a few currants, with a teaspoonful of salt. Boil the pudding four hours briskly, and serve with wine sauce.

PAUL. The ruffed grouse, often improperly called "pheasant" and "partridge," is the hardest game bird of any to kill. The woodcock flushes in cover, and is off like a shot, but he goes for the open; the ruffed grouse does the same, but goes for the thicket cover at once. There is no shame in shooting a ruffed grouse on the tree. More are shot that way than flying. The bird flushes suddenly in thick cover with a whirr enough to startle any nerves. Ruffed grouse are most plentiful in the woods of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. They are best shot over settlers, though spaniels are often used.

SHRIMPBLDER. Yes. Wood may be rendered fire-proof by a recent invention. Hitherto fireproof solutions have been found to rot wood, and preservative solutions have made it very inflammable. Now the double problem has been solved by an English clergyman, Dr. Jones. He subjects the wood to a pickling process, in a solution of tungstate of soda and water to the specific gravity of 1.2. The tungstate is made by the addition of tungstic acid of lime to hydrochloric acid and salt, and produces in the process as much chloride of lime as will pay all working expenses. The tungstate of soda, from experiments that have been made publicly and privately during the last three years, is proved to render soft woods, such as white and yellow pine, as hard as oak or teak, and it will also restore wood that has been affected by dry rot to the original condition of durability. The wood has been tested in fierce fires, the outside only being slightly charred.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

ADRIEL.

BY SERGT. LACY.

You are drifting, drifting out of the light,
Far from the love of God away,
Into the darkness of error's night,
Where never there enters a heavenly ray.

Placid and slowly glides the stream
On whose bosom you float to-day;
It seems perhaps like a happy dream
Compared to the other weary way;

But the tide at the start is always slow,
And above, the skies are fair and blue;
You take no heed how swift you go,
Or where the waters are whirling you to.

The current of error is steady and strong,
And gains in strength each sweep of the tide,
And all on its bosom are borne along
To the ocean of sin so broad and wide.

Here the river is steady, but round you bend
It flows in a rapid, where, if you drift,
Twice carry you over a fall, and send
You along a torrent dark and swift.

And you are drifting toward that fall;
A demon your boat guides on its track;
You heed not the Master's warning call,
Bidding you in His name, "Come back!"

Are you deaf to the voices on the shore
Extraneously calling you back to land?
If already they're drowned in the cateract's roar
You can see them beckoning on the strand.

"Sadie," they shout, "come back to land!
Don't drift that dangerous way any more!
We're waiting to give you a helping hand
Ere your boat glides too far from the shore."

"Sadie! Sadie!" again they cry;
"Turn back! The river grows dark and wild;
The sunlight has faded from out the sky,
And great black clouds in the west are piled;

"A storm is rising; soon 'twill sweep
Over the river, and your frail bark
Faster over the waves will leap
Into the mazes ahead so dark!"

"Sadie!" and "Sadie!" still they shout—
Those anxious friends upon the shore,
But faint and fainter the cry rings out;
Soon 'twill cease forevermore.

The Rival Brothers:

OR,
THE WRONGED WIFE'S HATE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL
MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

EVE.

FIFTEEN years! Don't start, dear, patient reader; you have waded with me through the last ten chapters, and in my deep gratitude for that, I will not afflict you with any moralizing on the joys and sorrows, the deaths and births, the ups and downs that are sure to checker this changeable and feverish life of ours in fifteen long years. Long! yes, a long time to look forward to—very, very short to look back upon; and now, coming with me, you will look upon a new scene, a little less dark and tragic than those we have gazed on heretofore.

It is a June evening; and fifteen years lie between it and that other June evening, on which Una Forest's blue eyes glittered triumphantly, looking out on the dusty high-road, in search of the stolen child. The sky is as blue and cloudless, but the sinking sun is shining on another village, many a mile away. No thrifty Quaker village this, with its corner-groceries, its busy railway station, its freshly-painted meeting-houses, and mechanics' institutes, with its streets all life and bustle, and the sign of the almighty dollar everywhere. No; this voiceless village lies under the shadow of giant pines and towering tamaracs, hushed in stagnant stillness; it has quaint little cottages with gardens in front, where purple lilacs and golden laburnums bloom; and the women who gossip at the garden-gates, with long gold earrings dangling under the silk handkerchiefs knotted under their chins, speak a glibber and more vivacious language than you ever hear "down East." A queer-looking old stone church, and a queer-looking old stone convent, both surmounted by tall crosses, bespeak the faith of the inhabitants. It is the Church and the Convent of the Holy Cross; the village itself is called St. Croix; the river sparkling in the distance is the beautiful St. Lawrence; and you and I are in Lower Canada.

The Convent of the Holy Cross, whose bell is now ringing the Evening Angelus, stands on a hillside at some distance from the village. There is only one other dwelling near it—a building as large itself as the convent, and with extensive and beautiful grounds around it, and inclosed by a high stone wall. The wall and the massive iron gates have rather the look of a prison, and a prison it is to some of its inmates; but on the silver dooplate you will find a different story: "Madame Moreau, Pensionnaire des Dames." The most stylish and exclusive of country schools, fifty pupils only admitted, as its rules tell you—thirty boarders, and twenty externs as day-scholars. There are some wealthy Canadian and English families in St. Croix, and these day-scholars are their children. The boarders come from all parts—England, the United States, the Provinces, but chiefly from Montreal. There are half a dozen female teachers who live in the pensionnaire, besides four or five professors of the sterner sex, who come and go to give lessons. These gentlemen come from Montreal—it is near enough to the city for that—the cars take them in less than two hours; and nothing masculine, with the exception of an overgrown tomat, resides within its sanctified walls, consecrated by the presence of *jeunes filles*, innocence, and all that sort of thing. Jean Baptiste, the surly old gardener, sleeps in his lodge, near the entrance-gates, with his son Amadee, who acts as porter; and Loup, the large Canadian wolf-hound, has his kennel under the tamaracs. Madame is a widow, a Parisienne, and drags out a dreary existence in Canada, because she is making her fortune, and intends to go back by-and-by to belle Paris to spend it and her old age in luxury.

The playground of the school is behind the house; a large place, with a gymnasium, lots of swings, and with benches under the trees for the weary ones to rest. Madame calls it the "cour de derrière." She never speaks English, and French is the language of the school—the only language, in fact, the majority of its pupils can speak. They try English now and then; but they mince and munch the speech of Albion fearfully through their Canadian teeth, and fall back on their own oily and glib French, with a "Dieu merci!" of ineffable relief.

There is life enough in the *cour de derrière* now, for the externs have gone home, and the pensionnaires are enjoying their evening *conge* before the supper-bell rings. Thirty girls, of all sorts and sizes, of all ages from eight to twenty, all dressed alike in the week-day school uniform: gray alpaca dress, high-necked and long-sleeved, with neat linen collars and cuffs, and black silk aprons with cunning pockets. All sorts of girls, tall and short, pretty and ugly; girls with curls, girls with

braids, girls with nets; and girls with their hair cropped short, otherwise "shingled." You may know the Canadians by their dark skin, their black eyes, and tarry tresses; the English and Americans by their fairer complexions and lighter hair and eyes; but among the tints the "brune" decidedly predominates over the blonde. Some are developing their muscle at the gymnasium; some are swinging; some have skipping ropes; some are playing "Prisonner's Base;" some are dancing; some are singing; some are in groups, talking; all are mixed in one thing, making as much noise as they can, and deafening the tympanums of teachers who are overseeing the uproarious mass.

All but one. Apart from all the rest of the tumultuous herd, under the feathery branches of a tall tamarac, a girl is standing alone, leaning against the tree, and watching the sunset with her heart in her eyes. She is not a Canadiane, though no Canadiane ever had eyes more gloriously dark and luminous, nor more shining raven ringlets than those falling loose half way to her waist. A beautiful face, so young, so fresh, so blooming, the oval cheeks aglow with health, the pretty mouth of scarlet bloom, the black, arching eyebrows, nearly meeting above the aquiline nose, the broad, thoughtful brow, and the rounded chin, fair and full of character. A beautiful face, proud and spirited—you could see that by the lofty way it was carried; as became its owner's sixteen years; tall for that age, too, and the hand playing with the green branches daintily enough to be Hebe's own. She wore the sober uniform of the school, but it became her, as anything must have become such a figure and face. She had a nickname in school, "La Princesse," and she looked a princess to her finger-tips. A portfolio lay at her feet; with pencils and brushes she had been sketching the sunset, but was only thinking now.

"Eve! Eve Hazelwood! I say, Eve, where are you?" a shrill falsetto voice cried, in English.

It aroused the girl from her reverie, and she looked around.

A plump little damsel, with rosy cheeks, bright, brown eyes, like a bird's, and two long braided pigtails streaming down her back, had doubled up a fat little fist like a trumpet, and was shouting through it.

"Me voici!" said the young lady with the black ringlets, in a clear, sweet voice. "Here, Hazel, under the tamaracs."

"And what are you doing under the tamaracs? At your everlasting drawing, I suppose?" said the plump young lady, who, though three years the senior of her companion, looked three years the junior, and certainly was that many years her junior in sense.

"No, *ma chere*; only thinking."

Hazel Wood, no longer a child of three, but a young lady of eighteen, flung herself on the grass, and looked up in her companion's face.

"Thinking? something I despise, and wouldn't be guilty of it at any price. You had better look out, Eve, or all the blood will go to your head, and you'll die of apoplexy, or a rush of ideas to the brain. What were you ruminating on now, pray?—Greek verbs or Hebrew declensions, or to-morrow's proposition in Algebra, or the end of the world, or what we are going to have for supper, or—"

"There! that's enough! Nothing of the sort. I was just thinking how swiftly time flies."

"You solemn old ninny! I knew it was something dismal! You and What's-his-name, Diogenes, ought to have hung out in the same tub. Swiftly time flies, indeed! Every day's like a month in this stupid old barrack!"

"Do you know what day this is, Hazel?"

"Let's see! To-morrow's half holiday, and we got clean clothes this morning, so it must be Wednesday."

"I didn't mean that—the day of the month?"

"Oh! then I haven't the first idea. My worst enemy never can accuse me of knowing whether it's the first or the last."

"Shall I tell you? It's the twenty-ninth of June, and the anniversary of our coming here. Just six years to-day since you and I came here first."

"And we are likely to stay here six more, for all I can see to the contrary. I declare, I am growing an old maid in the place, and no prospect of leaving it! That old savage, Doctor Lance, ought to be ashamed of himself, keeping us here just to be out of the way! A pretty guardian he is! and a pretty relation Mr. Arthur Hazelwood is, rolling in splendor in England, and leaving us here to go melancholy mad if we choose! I tell you what it is, Eve, I'm getting desperate, and shall do something shortly that will shake society to its most foundations, if somebody doesn't take me out of this!"

Eve was silent. The luminous dark eyes were gazing at the sunset, misty and dreamy. "Six years! How short it seems! It is like yesterday, Hazel, since we stood at your mother's dying bed, and I received from her hand that strange packet, left for me by the uncle whom I never saw."

Hazel's rosy, chubby face sobered suddenly. "Oh, poor mamma! How we both cried that day! By the way, Eve," jumping with a jerk to another topic, "I wonder how Una Forest gets on in England? I think it was a very shabby trick in cousin Arthur to send for her when mamma died, and leave us poor babes in the Wood to the mercy of that cross-grained little monster, Doctor Lance, and that tiresome, snuff-taking old Frenchwoman, Madame Moreau. There!"

"Hazel, hush! We have no reason to complain of Doctor Lance. He is rather crabbed, I allow; but he means well, and is as good to us as it is in his nature to be to any one. No one could be kinder than he during my illness this spring."

"I don't believe you were half so ill as you pretended," said Hazel, testily. "It was all a ruse to get back to New York and enjoy yourself. Dear, delightful New York! I would sham sick myself to get back there; but where's the use? Nobody will believe me while my cheeks keep so horrid red, and my appetite continues so powerful! What blessed times we used to have promanading Broadway every afternoon, and how we have again, when vacation comes, please the pigs! Well, Kate Schaffer! What do you want?"

"I know what you want, Miss Hazel Wood," replied Kate Schaffer, a tall, stylish-looking girl, with a dark, Canadian face, though speaking excellent English, "and that is, a little manners!"

"Oh," said Eve, laughing, "manners and cousin Hazel might be married, for they are no relation."

Miss Hazel, no way discomposed by these left-handed compliments, sat lazily up on the grass.

"Is it near tea-time, Kate? I smell hot biscuit awhile ago, when I applied my nose to the kitchen donkey-hole, but my prophetic soul is inclined to the notion that Madame has company, and they're not for us."

"Your prophetic soul has hit the right nail on the head, then," said Miss Schaffer. "Madame has company, and you are doomed to the stale bread of everyday existence as usual." Hazel sighed, and gave a dejected roll over on the grass.

"I have just come from the parlor, though," said Kate, looking at her, "and I've got something for you better than hot biscuit."

"I don't believe it! There's nobody to send me plum-cake, and that's the only thing in this world I do like better."

"Except," said Kate, still eying her, "my cousin Paul."

Hazel suddenly sprang up from the grass, as if she had been galvanized. Her eyes dilated, her whole face aglow.

"Oh, Kate! Has Paul come?"

"Oh! I thought that would do it," said Miss Schaffer, coolly. "Paul's better than plum-cake, is he? Oh, yes; he's come, and so has mamma and Monsieur D'Arville; and they're all going to stay and take tea with Madame, and it's for them the hot biscuit are, and you'll never taste them."

But the hot biscuit had lost their attraction. Hazel stood with parted lips, her color coming and going, looking at Kate.

And Kate burst into a laugh.

"Do look at her, Eve! and all about that foppish noodle, Paul Schaffer. The gods forefend that I should fall in love, if it is going to make me act like that. I must go."

She drew out of her pocket a little triangular note, threw it to Hazel, and sauntered off.

In a second, Hazel had torn it open and devoured its contents, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling.

As she looked up in a rapture at its conclusion, she found the dark bright eyes of Eve fixed full upon her.

"Oh, Eve! he wants me to—"

"Well," said Eve, gravely, "he wants you to do what?"

Hazel pouted.

"You're nothing but a stiff old prude! I shan't tell you! Oh, there's the bell! Come to supper."

She flew off as she spoke, like a lapwing, thrusting the note into Love's own post-office—her bosom.

Eve Hazelwood followed more slowly, fell into the rank with the rest, and marched into the *salle a manger*, where a long table was laid for the thirty hungry pensionnaires and the six teachers.

After supper, came study; after that, evening reading and prayers; and then the girls went off to their rooms. Every two shared a chamber, and Eve and Hazel had not been separated from the first. Very plainly these *chambres a coucher* were furnished: a painted floor, two small French beds, with hardly room to turn in—but Madame Moreau was of the same opinion as the Iron Duke, that when one begins to turn in bed, it is time to turn out of it—a washstand, a table, two chairs, and two trunks.

The room the cousins occupied was on the second floor, and overlooked the playground. Eve set the lamp she carried on the table, and drew forth slate and pencil to write to-morrow's composition, the subject, "Political Economy."

Hazel did the same; but her pencil only drew fox and geese, and her mind was running on a far sweeter subject than dry "Political Economy."

So they sat opposite each other for an hour, neither speaking a word, until, at the loud ringing of the nine o'clock bell—the signal to extinguish all lights and go to bed—Eve looked up.

"Have you finished?" she asked.

"Yes—no—I don't know," stammered Hazel, waking from her day-dreaming.

"Why, you haven't written a word! Why, Hazel, what have you been about?"

"Oh, it's no odds!" said Hazel, with sublime indifference. "I'll copy somebody else's to-morrow!"

"Well, will you be so good," said Eve, "for here comes Miss Green for the light."

An under-teacher entered, took the lamp and went out. Eve knelt down, said her prayers, undressed rapidly, and went to bed; but Hazel sat by the window, looking out at the moonlight, and doing something very unusual with her, thinking.

"Do you mean to sit there all night?" demanded Eve, drowsily. "You have got very sentimental all of a sudden, watching the moon."

"I'm studying astronomy—that's all. Never you mind me. I have got very fond of it lately!"

"I should think so! You won't have an eye in your head to-morrow! Go to sleep!"

"Go yourself!" said Hazel, testily, "and don't bother!"

Eve did as directed, and dropped asleep ten minutes after. The convent bell pealing eleven awoke her from a vivid dream of seeing Hazel drowning, and she started up in bed, her heart throbbing.

"Oh, Hazel! I have had such a dream! Are you asleep?"

No, Hazel was not asleep—was not in the room at all! The full moonlight moon shining in showed an empty bed, a vacant chair, and an open window.

It all flashed on Eve at once; she rose up and went to the window. Yes, there was a rope-ladder, and there were two figures walking in the moonlight, under the shadows of the trees—one, the tall form of a man: the other, shawty and hooded, Hazel Wood.

Eve went back to her bed, her cheeks burning, her heart throbbing. Ten minutes passed, twenty, half an hour, and then she heard Hazel enter softly, and pause to listen for an instant.

"Good-night," Eve heard her breathe softly to some one below, as she shut the window.

"She is asleep. Farewell until to-morrow!"

After which Miss Wood retired to rest, but not to sleep. Long after Eve had dropped once more into the innocent and untroubled slumber that rarely comes after sixteen, seldom with boarding-school damsel lasts so long, Hazel was tossing back and forth on her pillow, her heart in a tumult of delicious unrest, and one name ever on her lips:

"Dear, dear Paul!"

"Love not! Love not! oh, warning vainly said!" Very true, Mrs. Norton, and one moth will not take warning by its singed brother, but will flutter round the fiery fascination until its own wings are singed, and it has nothing left to do but drop down and die. And so, Hazel Wood, poor little fool! dream on while you may! You will pass through the fiery ordeal, and your darling Paul will care just as much as the candle does for the moth!

CHAPTER XII.

THE PENSIONNAIRES' FETE.

"EVE!"

"Well?"

"How long have you been up, I should like to know?"

"Half an hour."

Hazel Wood rose upon her elbow in bed with

a loud yawn. The morning sunlight streaming in through the open window, with the matin songs of the birds, and the sweet scents of lilacs and laburnums, fell on Eve Hazelwood, putting the finishing touches to her toilet before the glass. It was a lovely face that glass reflected; the cheeks yet flushed from sleep, her bright dark eyes so starry and lustreous, and the profusion of glittering, jetty ringlets falling, freshly combed, in a shining shower over her shoulders. Hazel showed her appreciation of the picture by another prodigious yawn, and a lazy roll over in bed.

"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining— I say, Eve, what set you up at such an unchristian hour?"

"It is not an unchristian hour. It is half-past five o'clock."

"And what do you call that, I should admire to know? Oh, yaw-w-w! I feel as if I could sleep a week!"

"If people go to bed at proper hours," said the pretty wisacre before the glass, "they will be able to rise at proper hours, and not want to lie stewing in a hot bed such a lovely morning as this!"

This hint was pretty broad, but Miss Wood never took hints. She tumbled lazily off her couch, and began slowly and with many yawns to dress.

"What noise the birds are making!" she said, with a dissatisfied air. "Is the day fine, Eve?"

Eve opened her black eyes at this question, the little room being fairly flooded with sunlight.

"No, a tempest is raging—don't you see it? Are you sure you are quite awake, Miss Wood?"

"Not so very," said Hazel, rubbing her eyes, "but I'm very glad it's fine. We are going to have the jolliest time to-day, Eve!"

"Jolliest! That's a nice word from a young lady's lips."

"Oh, bother! I'd be sorry to be a young lady! I tell you we are in for heaps of fun before night!"

"Are we?" said Eve, sitting down by the window, where Hazel had sat last night, and taking up her German grammar; "how is that?"

"It's a half-holiday, you know, anyway," said Hazel, vividly interested at once in her subject, "and what's more, it's Kate Schaffer's birthday, and her mamma is going to give a grand *fete champetre* this afternoon, in their grounds, and all the girls Kate likes are to be invited."

"Indeed! Kate said nothing about it yesterday."

"For a very good reason—she knew nothing about it, and does not yet. It was that brought Madame Schaffer here last evening, and Madame Moreau gave permission, of course—catch her refusing the rich Schaffers anything—and Kate is to be told this afternoon!"

Eve fixed her powerful dark eyes on Hazel's radiant face.

"And how did you find it out, may I ask?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Hazel, pettishly, but with the guilty scarlet mounting to her face, "that's my secret! Perhaps I dreamt it, or perhaps a little bird told me, or—"

"Or more likely Mr. Paul Schaffer told you last night."

Hazel suddenly dropped the hair brush she was using, and stood confounded.

"Eve!"

"Oh, I know all about it, my dear! How the night yesterday made the appointment; how you sat up last night at this window watching him until you saw him enter the grounds; how he supplied you with a rope-ladder; and how you had an interview with him, and got back here about midnight! Don't trouble yourself to tell lies. I was not asleep, though you thought so!"

"And you stayed awake to play the spy upon me! Eve Hazelwood!"

"You know better than that! I was asleep when you left the room; but I awoke, missed you, found the window open, and made use of my eyes—that is all. What am I to think of such conduct, Cousin Hazel?"

"What you please, Cousin Eve!"

"Are you not ashamed?"

"Not the least!"

One of Eve's feet was beating an excited tattoo on the painted floor, and her cheeks were like rosy flame.

"Hazel, are you engaged to this man?"

"Now, now, Grandmother Grunt, I won't have any of your lecturing. Engaged! fiddlesticks! Can't one enjoy a schoolgirl flirtation without being so dowdily as to get engaged? You're the greatest goose, Eve Hazelwood, that ever wore crinoline!"

Eve opened her grammar silently; her lips compressed, her cheeks more deeply flushed.

"And now you're cross," broke out Miss Wood, resentfully, who liked her cousin to be in a talking mood, even when she talked to chide.

"Now, will you tell me where's the very great crime in what I've done. All schoolgirls flirt, and why should I?"

"Schoolgirls have no business to flirt, then; least of all, with such men as this Paul Schaffer."

"This Paul Schaffer!" still more resentfully. "Don't you say anything against him, Miss Hazelwood, if you want to be friends with me. You don't know him, and so have no right to speak!"

"It is because I am your friend I do speak. As for knowing, it is true I never saw him; but from what you and his cousin say of him, I judge he is nothing but a vain, conceited coxcomb."

"Nothing of the sort. He may be a little vain, I allow, but then he is as handsome as an angel. If you were good-looking yourself, you would be conceited, too, I dare say!"

Eve smiled a little. She knew perfectly well she was more than good-looking, but the small sin of vanity was not hers.

"Hazel, take care! You may be sorry some day. If I were you I would have nothing to do with Paul Schaffer."

"Of course you wouldn't," said Hazel, with a sneer, and brushing her brown hair furiously.

"Nothing less than a king on his throne, or a hero of a novel, would suit La Princesse. They say the Prince of Wales will visit Canada this summer; perhaps you might condescend to marry him."

Eve smiled again, and lifted her beautiful head with a gesture graceful and proud.

"I am not so sure of that, *ma chere*; certainly I would not if I had no other reason than his being Prince of Wales. Besides," with a laugh, "Paul Schaffer is a German. Would you marry a sourkrout-eating, lager-beer drinking, meerschaum-pipe smoking Dutchman?"

"Queen Victoria married one. I don't pretend to be above my betters."

"Well, please yourself," said Eve, rising at the sound of a bell ringing a rousing reveille to the noisy pupils, "and then you won't die in a pet. Make haste down stairs, or you will be marked 'late,' as usual!"

Hazel had no need to warn Eve not to tell; she knew her too well for that. She did hurry down stairs, and met the other pension-

naires tearing like comets through the corridors and down stairs to morning prayers, jerking aprons and collars straight; s they went. There was no time for further talk; for after prayers came study; after that, breakfast; and the morning play-hour, which followed, was lost to Hazel, who, to her intense annoyance, was called off to practice her last music lesson.

Thursday being a half holiday, the girls dined at twelve—an hour earlier than usual; and just as the *demi-pensionnaires* were tying on their hats to go home, Madame Moreau, a bland and debonaire Frenchwoman, sailed into the classroom with a mighty rustling of silk flounces, and smiling, announced the delightful fact of the Schaffer *fete*, and that all the young ladies invited by Mademoiselle Schaffer were at liberty to go.

"I want all the girls in our division to go," said Kate, who, used to petting, and all sorts of pleasant surprises from her doting mamma, took the announcement very coolly, "and, in fact, the whole school, Madame, if you'll let them come."

Madame graciously gave permission, and swept out again; and her departure was the signal for an uproar that would have shamed Babel. Kate Schaffer was seized by dozens of hands, and seemed in imminent danger of being kissed to death.

"There, there, girls! don't smother me!" she impatiently cried, breaking free. "You day-scholars go home, can't you, or you'll never be in time, and the rest of you let me alone! Eve Hazelwood, where are you? I want you."

"What for? to kiss you?" Eve asked, laughing at the din.

Kate made a grimace.

"No, thank you. I have had enough of that. If there is one thing in this world more sickening than another, it is schoolgirl kisses. It is worse than peppermint candy, and that is fit for neither gods nor men. What are you going to wear?"

"White, I suppose. I have nothing else."

"And you know it becomes you. I say, Eve, Professor L'Arville is to be there, and you mustn't cut me out."

"Bah! is he so handsome, then?"

"Like an angel. All the girls are wild about him."

"Oh, I know that. He has been the burden of all their songs ever since my return. Are there to be many gentlemen?"

"Half a dozen only. I know all about it, though mamma thinks I am in a delightful state of ignorance. Monsieur D'Arville," said Kate, reckoning on her fingers, "he's one; Paul Schaffer is two; brother Louis three; and—"

"And there's the dinner bell, that's four. Come along!" cried Hazel Wood, rushing past.

Immediately after dinner, the young ladies flocked up to their rooms to dress, and in half an hour reappeared, *en grande tenue*—which, in English, means in white muslin dresses, streaming

with leave to adore Broadway. There is no place like it under the sun!"

"Bravo, Eve! you always were a brick, and ready to fight for the land of Washington! How do you find yourself all these ages? Pretty jolly, I hope!"

Eve knew that free and easy voice, and was used to it; but with the dark eyes of Professor D'Arville looking on, it discomfited her for the first time. She turned round good-naturedly, though, to return Louis Schaffer's greeting, and gave the tall, boisterous hobbler-dehoy to understand she was as jolly as could be expected.

"You look like it! not much like a sick case, eh? Where's Hazel? She's the stunner girl in the pensionnat!"

"There she is with cousin Paul," said Kate; "but don't you go bothering! She don't want you, I can tell you!"

"All right, then," said easy Louis, strutting off; "there's lots more girls, and I'm going in for a good time among them."

Hazel did not want him. Leaning on the arm of a tall, fashionably-dressed, good-looking young man, she was coming towards them, talking earnestly.

"But she is so pretty, Paul—so very, very pretty, I am afraid you won't care for me after you see her!"

"My dear little Hazel! don't be a goose! I have heard so much of this fair cousin of yours, that I feel naturally curious to see her—that is all. I shan't like her I know—I never did fancy ice-cream."

"And Eve is a prude—cold, and sensible as a female Solomon! You should have heard her lecture me for meeting you last night!"

"Did she? Give her my compliments the next time she presumes to lecture, and inform her the eleventh commandment is, 'Mind your own business!'"

"Oh, Paul! and you are sure, quite sure, you won't like her better than me?" She is so pretty, and you admire beauty so much!"

"Bah! The girl that all are praising is not the girl for me. I have seen the Venus Celestis in marble and oil colors, hundreds of times, and I never fell in love with it yet. I tell you I don't like nonnettes, and feebings in white muslin. You, my little wild rose, suit me exactly; and we will leave the cold white lily to—Professor D'Arville."

"And there she is talking to Professor D'Arville, now! Oh, I am so glad, Paul, that you will not like her better than you do me! Come along, and you shall have an introduction."

Paul Schaffer had heard enough of Eve Hazelwood to be prepared to see an extremely pretty girl, but hardly the beautiful face that turned to him as Hazel went through the formula of introduction. Hazel's eyes were upon him, so he betrayed neither surprise nor admiration, but both were in his heart; Hazel's more girlish good looks lost lametly by contrast with the bright brunette beauty of her queenly cousin.

Louis Schaffer came bustling up, noisy and excited, interrupting his cousin Paul's bland commonplace.

"I say, Eve! they're getting up the Lancers; and you're the only girl of the lot that knows how to dance them decently, so you must be my partner. Come along!"

"But, Louis—"

"Come along and don't bother!" was Master Louis's polite rejoinder. "You can finish your 'two-handed crack,' as the Scotch call it, with Professor D'Arville when the set's over. Come!"

There was no resisting Louis, who was a whirlwind in his way, and pulled Eve's arm through his without ceremony.

Professor D'Arville, who never was guilty of anything so undignified as dancing, lifted his hat in adieu, and turned away.

"I say, Paul," cried Louis, "we want a ris-arc. Can't you and Hazel—how d'ye do, Hazel?—can't you two come?"

"Delighted of all things! Are you fond of dancing, Miss Hazelwood?"

Eve, by no means pleased by Louis's rude conduct, replied coldly and briefly, and took her place without speaking to her partner.

Very little her silence troubled Master Louis Schaffer, who went through the quadrille as he did everything else, with all the energy of his body and mind.

Paul Schaffer's languid grace of motion was a striking contrast; but she at whom all his poetry of motion was aimed paid very little attention to him or it, and was heartily glad when the set was over and she was rid of Louis.

As she stood leaning against a tree, a few minutes later, listening to the music, Kate Schaffer and Hazel came strutting up, their arms entwined, schoolgirl fashion, round each other's waists.

"Oh, here she is, like Patience on a monument, or anything else that's stupid or dowdyish!" burst forth Hazel; "and Kate and I have been hunting for you all over. Who are you thinking of?"—Professor D'Arville?"

"Yes," said Eve, composedly; "of him, and of something else."

"How do you like him, Eve?" asked Kate.

"I have had no time to like or dislike him yet."

"But don't you think him splendid?"

"Perfectly mag, and all that sort of thing!" put in Hazel, "mag" being short for magnificent.

"I think him handsome—yes," said Hazel.

"Oh, do you?" sneered Kate. "It's a wonder La Princesse condescends to think even that. You made another acquaintance, didn't you? How do you like Paul?"

"I scarcely saw him. Louis carried me off like a tornado that he is. But I was just thinking, as you two came up, what I always think when I make a new acquaintance, whether or not they will have any influence over my future life."

"Quiet, scab!" laughed Kate. "What an old philosopher it is!"

"Perhaps," said Hazel, with a small sneer, "she thinks they will both fall in love with her, or have done so, at first sight!"

"Bah! Can you never talk of anything but falling in love? Come; I have done thinking, and am quite at your service, Mesdemoiselles."

The three went away together; but could they have seen the future, or had Hazel Wood known she had uttered a prophecy, they would hardly have gone with such light hearts to join in the pensionnat's fête.

Be happy to-day, Eve, rejoice while you may, for your happy girlhood is flying from you even at this hour!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 257.)

Blind for tune treads on the steps of inconsiderate rashness.—La Fontaine.

Every tear of sorrow sown by the righteous, springs up a pearl.—Matthew Henry.

The highest problem of any art is to cause by appearance the illusion of a higher reality.—Goethe.

A PLAIN.

BY EDEN R. HENKFOR.

I am weary, my darling;
Tired of din and of strife;
Tired of longing and striving
For something to gladden my life.
All that I ever have toiled for
Faded away and was gone
Ere my poor work was completed—
Vanished, when almost won.

I am weary, most weary;
Weary of looking ahead;
Tired of looking behind me,
For there are the graves of the dead.
Weary of thinking and dreaming;
Dreams are but dreams at the best,
And all the dreams of a lifetime
Never would thrill me with rest.

I am weary and tired;
Tired of waiting so long
For a peace that may never come to me,
For the path of my life runs wrong.
It leads me away in the shadows
Out of the light of the sun,
While I sigh for the sweet, bright sunshine
Of a day that ne'er begun.

False Faces!

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO DEATH," "BERNAL CLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," "STELLA, A STAR."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE YOUNG DETECTIVE.

CHESTER STARKIE called at the bureau of the detective police, and was ushered into the presence of Colonel Whitley, the chief of the department.

"I have his business known to him," said Colonel Whitley. "He is quite a young man, and has been but two years on the force, but he has displayed, in every case entrusted to him, uncommon acuteness and ability. He's quite a young Hercules, as bold and as brave as a lion. He has been a sailor and a great traveler, and appears to have visited every land upon the face of the globe. He speaks half a dozen languages, which makes him very useful to us. He's an uncommon man. You'll say so when you see him."

With this, the colonel desired one of his subordinates to conduct Chester Starke to the office of Frank Ray.

Chester Starke followed his guide to the door of one of the various offices in the building, and in answer to a knock, a deep voice said, "Come in."

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Ray," said the officer, opening the door for Chester to enter and closing it behind him when he had done so.

Chester found himself in the presence of a young man, as tall as himself, but whose frame appeared to be more sinewy, as if its muscles had been developed by hard labor—a frame that could compare favorably with that of a gladiator of ancient Rome.

This frame was surmounted by a shapely head, covered with thick black hair that crisped into little curls. The features of his face were bold and regular, and he had keen hazel eyes. His face was bronzed a mahogany hue, and the chin and upper lip were covered with a luxuriant black beard.

He looked like what Colonel Whitley had called him, a Hercules—but a Hercules of today; for he wore a business-suit of a dark-brown color.

It was impossible to tell by looking in this man's face what his nationality might be; but you would have called him anything but an American.

It was in very good English, however, that he addressed himself to Chester, saying:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

The question was put very pleasantly. There are sympathetic natures that are drawn irresistibly at once toward each other. It was so in this instance. Chester advanced and held out his hand, impulsively.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Ray," he cried.

And the detective met his grasp cordially, responding:

"And I, you, sir."

They stood with clasped hands, gazing curiously, inquiringly, into each other's faces, as fair types of vigorous young manhood as this world could show.

Each felt that he had met a man after his own heart.

Chester was the first to break the silence.

"Colonel Whitley called you a Hercules, Mr. Ray," he said; "and I find the name was very appropriately bestowed."

Ray laughed, in his pleasant manner.

"Faith! I am not so much ahead of you in that respect," he answered.

"Your father must have been a large man?"

"I have heard so; but my memory of him is very faint."

"He died when you were young?"

"Yes. But you did not come here to learn my family history, I know. Pray be seated, Mr. Ray—how shall I call you?"

"Chester Starke."

"Ah! thank you."

They sat down facing each other, and Ray took a small note-book from the breast-pocket of his coat, and a pencil from his waistcoat pocket.

"Permit me to make a note of that," he continued. "I always jot down all the names in a case. I have a good memory, and I keep it clear by not burdening it too much."

He wrote the name in his book.

"The colonel recommended you highly to me, Mr. Ray," said Chester.

Ray smiled, and moistened the point of his pencil with his lips.

"I have made some lucky hits, and that gives a man reputation in this business," he said; "and yet, with all my supposed acuteness, you will be surprised to hear, perhaps, that one case has completely baffled me."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I have detected robbers, restored stolen property, but there exists a person that I am most anxious to find, and all my researches have proved futile. I merely mention this to show you that I can fail as well as other people."

Chester smiled.

"You put it very modestly, Mr. Ray," he rejoined. "We are none of us infallible; but you are the very man I want; I am sure of that."

So much the better. If you have confidence in me, that will enable me to work you case to the best advantage."

"You have led a very adventurous life?"

"Yes; I have been nearly round the world in my time."

"A sailor?"

"Not altogether; though I began my career in that capacity. I could tell you some sur-

prising things; but I don't think they would help your case, and I hardly think we have the time to spare. Let's get to business—we can discuss these other matters when we are better acquainted, and have more leisure. Give me the points, please."

"Well, then, my case, as you call it, is this."

Whereupon Chester Starke narrated the particulars of the attack upon Peter Shaw's life, and his desire to destroy the band of False Faces.

"You may be surprised to hear that such a band could exist here in New York, right under the eye of the police," he added, in conclusion.

"By no means," answered Ray. "I am not surprised at anything existing in this great metropolis. Why, one half of the inhabitants of this city do not know how the other half live. I have been in London and Paris, and I can assure you that New York is not far behind those European capitals in opulence, splendor, squalor, want, rascality and crime. And so this band, or rather the leader of it, has formed a set scheme to gain possession of these wells."

"It appears so."

"And it also appears that they do not stop at murder when it will aid their plans."

"They are desperate characters, evidently."

"Oh, there's no doubt of that! And the prize they seek is a rich one. I know some thing about these wells; I have been down in that country."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes; didn't I tell you I have been almost everywhere? What is the name of the leader of this gang, did you say?"

"Edgar Skelmersdale."

Ray noted the name down in his book.

"Have you any idea of his personal appearance?"

Chester gave the description he had received from Peter Shaw.

Ray noted this down also.

"Very good. And this villainous lawyer, who is aiding and abetting him, what's his name?"

"Cebra Selkreg."

"What is he like?" asked Ray, making a note of the name.

Chester gave the description, and Ray wrote it down.

"Very good; that's a first-class portrait. It will be easy enough to tell him at a single glance."

"Don't you think the first thing to be done is to find his office?" suggested Chester.

"Certainly; and that will be very easy. He is a shyster, undoubtedly, and I shall find his office somewhere in the vicinity of the Tombs. These shysters flock around the city prior as vultures do around carrion. His office is on Center street, I'll wager, and his sign will be there—that is, if the name was not an assumed one, used merely during the visit to the wells."

"Both Mr. Shaw and Ossian Plummer are strongly of the opinion that he gave his right name," said Chester.

"Who is Ossian Plummer?"

"He is the superintendent of the wells, and one of the firm. In fact, the firm consists of Mr. Shaw, Ossian, and myself. I am the junior partner."

"A good berth, I should say."

"I can't complain. Indeed, Mr. Shaw has treated me most liberally—like a son, in fact."

"He has no son of his own, I suppose?"

"He thinks he has."

Ray looked surprised.

"Thinks he has—doesn't he know?" he cried.

"No; he cannot tell whether his son is alive or dead."

"That's singular!"

"It is. Indeed, there is a strange story connected with this affair—but then I don't know as you would care to hear it."

"Not care to hear it! My dear sir, it is essential that I should be put in possession of every detail that can possibly bear upon the case. You have no idea how the smallest trifles sometimes aid us. Remember, we have to deal with men who are steeped to the eyes in villainy and craft, and we must use every effort to defeat their murderous designs and bring them to justice. We must not cast aside a single straw, if we can make it serviceable. I need scarcely tell you that what you impart to me will be held as sacred as the confession of a sinner to a priest."

"I have no doubt of it; but I can only give you a vague idea of this matter, as my information upon the subject is very scanty. It appears that Mr. Shaw, from some cause, lost his wife and children about thirteen or fourteen years ago."

"How lost them?"

"The wife, I think, was killed, and the children confided to the care of an aunt, while Mr. Shaw and Ossian Plummer were engaged in business in another part of the country. This was before the wells were opened on the Bartyne property."

"This property belongs to Mr. Shaw?"

"There again I am at fault; I could not say for certain whether it belongs to Mr. Shaw or Ossian Plummer; but as these men claimed it on a deed of sale from Mr. Shaw, it must belong to him," added Chester, thoughtfully.

"Of course. How did he lose his children?"

"When he came back to Franklin, where he had left them in charge of his wife's sister, he found that she had left that place, taking the children with her."

"Could he not discover where she had gone?"

"No; although he made every effort to do so. Then he heard that they had taken passage on a steamboat on the river, which was burned, with a great loss of life among the passengers."

"And they were supposed to have perished?"

"Yes; and so he gave up the search for them. I must tell you that it is only within the last week that I received these details, which I extracted from Ossian Plummer, and he answered my questions in the briefest manner. Neither he nor Mr. Shaw seemed disposed to speak much of the past. Mr. Shaw's mind has been impaired by those circumstances, I think, for at times he is strangely forgetful. Had it not been for the sudden and unexpected finding of the daughter, I should probably have never heard anything about those children."

"How was that?"

Chester explained this circumstance to Ray, who listened to him with deep interest.

"One can almost trace the hand of Providence in this," he commented, thoughtfully. "So the girl is found? Have you heard her name?"

"Yes, Henrietta."

"Ah! a very pretty name, and I have no doubt, a very pretty young lady."

"I should judge so from her father's words; and I must confess it, I am very anxious to make her acquaintance."

"Not altogether; though I began my career in that capacity. I could tell you some sur-

"Pshaw! it is not likely that she would ever waste a thought on me," he returned.

Ray laughed pleasantly.

"I am not so sure of that," he answered. "Girls like a good-sized man, as I know from experience; particularly if they are somewhat petite in figure themselves. But the boy appears to be lost entirely, eh?"

"Yes; no tidings can be learned of him."

"Did you hear his name mentioned?"

"Yes; it is Raymond."

"Raymond what?"

"Did not hear any other name mentioned, but as the girl has been passing under the name of Ward, possibly he may bear that name, too."

"It is very likely. Do you think that Shaw is the right name of your senior partner?" he added, carelessly.

Chester stared at this question.

"To tell you the truth," he replied, "I have never thought anything about it. He was introduced to me as Mr. Shaw, and I took that to be his name, as a matter of course. But now, when I do think over the matter, it occurs to me that Shaw is not his name."

"That's my idea exactly."

"Then why does he call himself 'Shaw'?" asked Chester, perplexedly.

"This motive for this change of name may grow out of those circumstances of the past, which he and the other man, Plummer, appear to have concealed even from you."

Chester pondered over this in a bewildered manner.

"It's a very mysterious affair altogether!" he exclaimed.

"That's my opinion."

"And there are matters connected with it that I fail to comprehend."

"I think the capture and destruction of this band of False Faces will make all clear."

"Do you?" asked Chester, somewhat dubiously, as if this was not so clear to his mind.

"I do, indeed. I also think that Mr. Shaw's change of name was through anxiety for his children, to save them from some unmerited disgrace."

"Disgrace?" questioned Chester, surprisedly.

"Yes; that might come to them through him."

"Oh! that is impossible!" cried Chester, quickly. "A better man than Peter Shaw never lived!"

"That may be true enough; but innocent men have been accused of crimes before now, their good names stained, and their lives embittered, and they helpless to clear themselves in the eyes of a world whose opinion is, has been, and always will be, notoriously censorious and unjust. I think Peter Shaw is one of those innocent victims of another man's crimes."

These words made a strong impression upon Chester Starke's mind, and many circumstances in the past added to their convincing weight.

"You are right, sir," he rejoined. "This is a solution that makes this matter clearer to my mind. This would account for much of the strangeness—eccentricity we have called it—that I have noted in Mr. Shaw's words and manner. But if his name is not Shaw, what can it be?"

"Ah! that is a riddle that is not easily guessed," answered Ray, with a smile; "nor is it worth wasting any of our time upon at present; I think Mr. Shaw will inform us himself, after we have freed him from the persecution of this band of villains."

"We ought to be able to accomplish that."

"Oh, we will! Before the end of the week we will have every member of the band in custody. One of them will be sure to squeal—they always do—and his evidence will send the rest to Sing Sing for a term of twenty years; that is, if we can get them before Recorder Hackett. Ah! he's the judge for these rascals. Leave me your card, and in two hours' time I will call on you and report progress."

He gave him the firm card.

"If you look up this lawyer first, and find that his office is on Center street, as you suppose," he said, "it will not be much out of your way to call at the office, and I think you will find Mr. Shaw there, and a consultation with him would not be amiss."

"By no means. I should like to meet him of all things. He can give me details which you cannot; but you may rest assured of one thing, Mr. Starke; I shall enter heart and soul into this business."

"Your reward will be commensurate with your success."

"Ah! that don't trouble me. You will never grumble at my terms, I promise you."

Chester shook hands with him heartily, and then departed.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 252.)

ALIDA BARRETT.

THE SEWING-GIRL;

OR,

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

AUTHOR OF "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE

door, and steal forth without making a noise, was preposterous. Charlotte replied with stinging taunts, and a useful defiance.

It was too far to the station westward, where she could have taken the train to return to the school in Morrisania. On the other side the traveled highway afforded a better way to the city. She had probably gone there, securing a carriage or a passage to New York. He might find her at the old place by following her steadily.

Charlotte was determined on returning to the city; and she, too, inclined to the belief that Alida had taken the least fatiguing route, and would spend the night at the old lodgings. So she made up her quarrel with her father, and both journeyed together the same afternoon.

They reached street in due time, and learned that nothing had been seen or heard of Miss Barrett. Charlotte wrote a letter to Leon Burke, demanding his presence on the following afternoon, when she would be ready to be married. The summons was couched in peremptory terms.

Gideon took supper with her, and then went to the place to which he had given the address to Mr. Stanley Burke. No letter had been sent to him.

He could not understand it. Had the inevitable explanation between the married pair, resulting in the discovery of the lady's frailty, caused a separation? He would know in a day or two. If the wife had succeeded in concealing her past, he was certain to hear from her. He would not give up the game.

Charlotte spent the evening in her last packing. She expected to leave her old home the next day, immediately on her marriage. She borrowed a newspaper of Mrs. Jackson to see what steamships sailed that week, and decided on the French line.

She would share, she thought, in her father's fortune, if he succeeded in entrapping Alida; and that he would eventually succeed she had no doubt. Her own good luck would be exclusively her own. She would not acknowledge her father, unless he became a respectable member of society.

Leon shall have no reason to be ashamed," she said to herself, "of any relative or associate of mine. Nor of me! He will be proud of my talents, and will learn to love me."

She glanced into the looking-glass as this reflection passed through her mind. Her clear, dark cheeks had a crimson stain, that was unusually becoming. The disorder of her jetty curls added to her beauty. Her eyes flashed with excitement. Her trim, slender form was graceful, even in deshabille. She looked, and thought how greatly rich dress would enhance her undeniable charms.

There was a noise of trampling and voices in the street, came nearer and nearer. The girl started; it was very late; and the tenants of that respectable lodging house were not often out late. Something strange had occurred!

There came a knocking at the door; repeated impatiently when no one answered it. Several voices spoke together, and one called for admittance.

Charlotte went and listened at the landing; some occupant of the ground floor went to open the door.

Three or four men, giving vent to impatient complaints, were carrying something on a plank or door. A clock was thrown over it. The man who had admitted them pointed upstairs.

"She is there now," he said; "Miss Le Brun."

Terrified, she knew not at what Charlotte ran down the stairs.

"You'd better stand back, Miss," said one of the men, "and let us get this up to your room. The sooner the better."

Without reply she snatched the covering from the face. It was her father's pale as a corpse, and stained with blood!

"He'll come to, directly," said the man, in answer to her wild questions. "And then he can tell you himself about it. We heard him groan, and picked him up when all was over. He said we might bring him here. Stand out of the way."

They carried the wounded man up to the young lady's room, and laid him on her bed. She quickly assumed the management of affairs.

"Go for a doctor. There's one in the next street, on the corner." She pressed some money into his hand. The man promised obedience and departed.

In a few minutes the occupants of the house who knew Charlotte were crowded around the bed, pouring forth a torrent of questions, while one or two of the women were trying to restore Gideon and binding up his head.

Gideon opened his eyes. He saw his daughter bending over him.

"It was Jim Kelly," he moaned, faintly.

"The boys were after him. I saw them chasing him after I was down."

"Don't try to speak, please, sir," said one of the women, "till the doctor comes."

"They'll capture Jim," he said again. "He struck me with his club, after he fired."

He pointed to a wound in his shoulder.

There was a bustle below, and some one coming up the stairs.

"It is the doctor!" several cried at once.

The medical man came in, and examined the patient. He bound up his bleeding temples, and then looked at the wounded shoulder.

In reply to eager questions, he said:

"The blow on the head would have been fatal in an hour lower. As it is, he can stand that. But the ball is in the shoulder, and I am afraid it has done mischief. There is internal bleeding."

He attempted to probe the wound, but Gideon shrieked with the agony, and fainted.

The doctor shook his head.

"If he could be taken to the hospital—" he began.

The nearest was at a distance, and the hour was too late. After a minute's hesitation, the doctor mixed a composing drink, and enjoined perfect quiet for the night. He would come in early in the morning, and would then have assistance in trying to extract the ball.

As he went out, several of the neighbors offered their aid to sit up with the patient.

Charlotte accepted the kindness of two of the men. But she would not leave the room.

She sat by her father, bathing his forehead, holding salts to his nostrils, and coaxing him at intervals to take a spoonful of the mixture. Even to her selfish nature the shock had brought remorse and bitter anguish.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 248.)

The cruelty of the effeminate is more dreadful than that of the hardy—Lavater.

Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman—Shakespeare.

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you know the hearts there.—Varnhagen Von Ense.

Injun Dick:

THE DEATH SHOT OF SHASTA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KID," "KENTUCK, THE SPORT," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY," "WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE MEETING.

THE first gleam of the morning sun was shining down upon the bosom of the Shasta.

Amid the cold, gray rocks and the dark green branches of the pines sat a motionless figure, wrapped in a red blanket.

It was the chief of the Blackfoot tribe, and he waited for the coming of the long-bearded Cherokee.

Beneath the spreading branches of the pines the Indian had passed the night; the hollow impress of his stalwart form was yet visible in the soft earth.

Wrapped closely in his blanket, as if he dreaded the soft, balmy breeze of the Spring morning, the savage waited with all the patience of his race.

Prompt though to his appointment was the ever-punctual Cherokee, and the Indian peeped out from under cover of the tattered cloak, when he heard the clear ring of the white's footstep upon the path by the river, like a turtle thrusting his head from his shell.

Rapidly, Cherokee came, on until at last he halted opposite to the savage.

Casting aside the blanket, he braved rose to his feet, and with a guttural "Ugh," welcomed the white man.

"I am here, you see," Cherokee said.

"The chief knew that his brother would come," the Indian replied with stately dignity.

Cherokee cast a glance around him as if to assure himself that there were no listeners at hand.

The savage understood the meaning of the glance, and hastened to reassure the white.

"Let my brother speak," he said; "only earth, sky and the Blackfoot chief will hear the words of the pale chief."

Cherokee stepped forward and extended his hand to the Indian.

"Old friend, I am glad to see you," he exclaimed, impulsively.

"As glad as is the earth to see the sun when the night is past."

A strong tremor shook the massive form of the red man for a moment, as he clasped the white hand of the long-bearded Cherokee within his own huge palm.

"O-wa-he speaks with a straight tongue when he tells his white brother that for many moons he has traveled to the setting sun, leaving the chiefs of his nation far behind, that he might once again talk to his friend."

"I could not deceive your eyes," Cherokee said, slowly.

"Mud-turtle know great pecker chief too well," the savage replied, with becoming gravity.

"The heart of the red-man was sad when his brother said he did not know him."

"Sit down, and I will explain."

Then beneath the spreading branches of a pine the two sat down upon a couple of bowlders, face to face.

"It is many moons since we have seen each other," Cherokee premised.

"The memory of the Indian, like the branches of the pines, grows larger as time grows old," the savage said, with true Indian terseness.

"The white chief took his black-eyed squaw, and traveled to the sunset."

"O-wa-he went back to his tribe, but he found that he no longer cared for the people of his nation; he wanted his white brother so he hid good-by to the land of the Blackfeet, and, patiently as the beaver, he sought for his white friend."

When he found him, the moon, the stars of the red chief were worn out, his feet were sore, but not so sore as the heart of the Blackfoot warrior when his white brother said that he did not know him."

A grave and earnest look came over the face of the stern and stolid Cherokee, as he listened to the plaintive words of the red man.

"Let my brother listen, and then he will understand why the memory is sometimes bad," Cherokee said.

"When the white chief parted from the valley of the Wisdom, he had a squaw—He had many little bags of gold dust."

He came to the Shasta country; with brother whites he found a valley where the gold was rich in the rocks, and in the sand.

He built him a wigwam and settled down. Then came snakes of his own tribe, white like himself. The snakes wanted the wigwam and the squaw of the white chief. In time they got both, but the squaw was dead, and the wigwam was in ashes.

Then the white chief swore that he would take the war-path against the snakes who had ruined all his life, not a war-path for a moon, or for two, or three, but an eternal war-path that should last until the hour should come when the warrior's death song must burst from his lips.

He joined the red men and fought against the braves of his own race. Blood was shed like water; yonder village, where the wigwam of the white chief had been, was destroyed. But the blue-coated chiefs came; the red men were defeated; the white chief, who had led them on, was thought to be dead too, but like the fox, he hid in the rocks and escaped. Again the white men settled in the valley. What could one avenger do against a host? Nothing except by cunning. The lonely white man whose heart was bitter against his own people went away. He let his hair and his beard grow, called himself by another name, and came back and dwelt with the very men whom he had sworn to destroy.

He wished to drive the settlers from the valley, but he found that the task was like emptying the Shasta river with a hollow shell. He is every man's foe; every man's hand is against him. One day he will be obliged to sing his death song, for he cannot always succeed. He knew his red brother, the instant that he saw him, but he does not wish to drag the Blackfoot chief to death with him."

The chief listened to the long explanation with grave attention, but upon his stolid face there could not be perceived the slightest sign of emotion.

For a few moments the savage appeared to be pondering upon some difficult question, then he rose to his feet, and pounded his broad chest with his fist for a second.

"O-wa-he was a great chief. Many moons ago he lined his lodge with the scalp of his enemies, but now he is old, he cannot fight—he can only die. His white brother does not think that the red man is worthy to be his friend any more—he goes back on him—he says that the red chief is a fraud, and cannot ante in this deal; but O-wa-he will die like a Blackfoot brave; he no break 'bank' he make dealer heap uneasy."

Cherokee understood the Indian nature so well that he saw the savage contemplated some desperate deed, and so he said:

"What will my brother do?" he asked.

"White men in wigwams there abuse the

red man's friend, and the chief pointed as he spoke to where, the smoke was curling up on the air from the metropolis of the Shasta valley; O-wa-he go, run a muck—kill some, nobles not killed himself!"

Cherokee understood that this was no idle boast.

"Why should my red brother do this?" he exclaimed.

"Injun not fit to be white man's brother, but he fit to die!" the savage replied.

Cherokee's face became very grave, and he rose to his feet.

"You have fully resolved to do this?" he said.

"Mud-turtle or O-wa-he—drunken Injun scamp, or the great warrior of the Blackfeet, never lie to his white brother!" exclaimed the savage.

"My path leads certainly to death!" Cherokee cried, in warning.

"What path leads any other place?" the Indian asked.

"I have sworn an oath to be revenged for the wrong that has been done me; every white man that settles in this valley is my foe; the wealth they forced from me shall never be enjoyed by mortal man. I would not drag you into my quarrel, therefore why not be as strangers to each other?"

"O-wa-he is not a water-rat!" the chief exclaimed, proudly. "No water-bird in his veins. White brother hates the snakes in the lodges by the river; the red-man hates them, too. Let my brother decide. Shall the red-man go kill at once, or shall he go with his white brother and fight when he fights?"

Silently Cherokee extended his hand, and as silently the Indian clasped it. The two men understood each other now; words were not necessary.

Together they bent their footsteps toward the town, arranging plans for the future as they walked on.

The stately Indian, brave as a lion and cunning as a fox, was no mean ally, even for a man of Cherokee's wonderful abilities.

CHAPTER XLVI.

UGLY'S PROPOSAL.

WHILE Cherokee and the Indian were slowly proceeding back to the town, the early-risers of the Occidental Hotel were being considerably astonished.

Old Joe Ugly had suddenly made his appearance, and was inquiring anxiously for the long-haired sport.

"My gentleman seen anything of Cherokee?" inquired.

Never before since old Joe's occupation of the wing-dam shanty had he been known to visit the town in the morning, and the hotel boarders, anxiously waiting for their breakfasts and comforting the inner man with the appetizing "cocktail," were considerably puzzled as to the reason of Ugly's wish to interview the genial Cherokee.

So the inquiring Ugly was duly invited to "wet his whistle" and "list in a cocktail," by the curious by-standers, and after this operation was duly performed, the old man was questioned as to what he wanted with Cherokee, who led the attack. Ugly replied, mysteriously, that it was very important business, and that it couldn't wait; then he darted out of the hotel and sought for Cherokee up and down the street, much to the astonishment of the Occidental sharps.

"Mebbe he's struck a rich 'lead,' Cherokee's his partner now in the wing-dam claim," Billy King, the urbane bar-keeper, suggested.

"More likely that he wants to strike Cherokee for a loan," replied Candy. "He was car-vorting round hyer for ten dollars the other night."

And while the sports of the hotel were vaguely speculating as to Ugly's quest, and the old man was trotting up and down the street, both sides every one he met in regard to the whereabouts of his "partner," Cherokee in person came down the road. He had parted with the Indian just outside the town.

Old Joe made a bee line for his associate instant.

"Good-morning; you're jest the very man I want to see. Will you take something?" was old Ugly's greeting.

Cherokee was decidedly astonished. He had never known old Joe to extend such an invitation before, although the old man was always ready enough to accept liquor at anybody else's expense.

"No, thank you, I don't feel like it this morning."

"Better take something," persisted Ugly, coaxingly; "there's nothing like a well-mixed cocktail to put a man's stomach in order. A cocktail before breakfast makes me feel like a gentleman."

In this hyer country a man allers ought to 'list in a little p'ison the first thing in the morning, to give a sort of tone to his stomach. Cherokee, you ought to look arter your health. I feel really concerned about you," and then the old fellow shook his head gravely.

Cherokee was decidedly astonished at both the old man's words and manner.

"What are you driving at, anyway?" the long-haired sharp demanded.

"Nothing but a natural interest in my partner," Ugly explained. "And speaking about partners, that reminds me that I want to see you about a little business connected with our mine."

"What is it?" asked Cherokee, shortly.

"Well, I can't explain very well here," Ugly said. "If you can spare the time, I'd like to have you take a walk out as far as the mine with me."

"Can't you explain here what you want?"

"Not very well, and if you haven't been to breakfast, why you kin take a snack with me; I was in such a hurry to see you this morning that I came away without eating anything."

Cherokee remained silent for a moment, thinking over the old man's proposition; he fully understood that Ugly had some scheme in view, but what it was he could not guess.

"Come on, and get a cup of coffee with me, and then I'll go with you," Cherokee said at last, abruptly.

Old Joe agreed to this at once; so the two proceeded to the Occidental, got breakfast, and then started for the wing-dam shanty.

On the road, Cherokee tried to lead the other to unfold his scheme, but Ugly was as dumb as an oyster upon that point, although talkative enough about everything else.

The solitary shanty upon the bank of the river was reached at last, and Ugly, choosing a shady spot down under the shadowy bank of the ruined dam, invited his guest to be seated.

He looked at the "claim" before him, then up at the sky and around at the trees. It was clearly evident that he was preparing to begin.

"Say, Cherokee, what do you suppose I dig out of this hyer claim?" he said, pointing to the rifled sand at his feet.

"A heap of dirt," Cherokee answered, briefly.

"Some gold, too, you know," he added.

"Mighty little."

"Tain't much, that's a fact," Ugly admitted; "but what else do you s'pose I got?"

"Tired," suggested the visitor.

"That's so, but what else?"

"I give it up—pass, partner."

"Ideas!" exclaimed the old man, impressively, and he laid his skinny forefinger upon Cherokee's knee, as he spoke. "Ideas worth more than gold."

"What do you do with 'em?"

"This was a difficult question and Ugly did not attempt to answer it."

"Whenever I get puzzled about anything, I just come out here, take a dig, or two at the bar, and then I sit down to think. Now, Cherokee, there was a question came up the other day and I came out here and dug out the idea that you was the man to help me out."

Cherokee looked askance at the old man; he was fairly puzzled, but guessed that what was to come was not fated to be particularly pleasant to him.

"Cherokee, I have a daughter, my Nelly; you've seen her and know what she is. Now, partner, the point is here: s'pose one of the Cinnabar sharps comes after my girl; I won't say who it is; it may be Sandy Rocks, or Judge Candy, or Billy King, the bar-keeper, for that has nothing to do with my trouble. Now, then, I know that the girl doesn't care anything for the man at all, but he acts like a gentleman. He says to me, Mr. Ugly, I know that luck has run against you; I know that you have had a hard time to get along; I want to do the square thing with you, so, if you'll give me your daughter I will make you a present of a thousand dollars. Now what do you say to that?"

"What will your daughter say?" Cherokee replied, answering one question by asking another.

"Oh, she'll do just as I say!" the old man exclaimed, confidently.

"Well, you had better take the offer then; I s'pose you want my advice on the subject," the long-haired gentleman observed.

"Yes, exactly," the old man admitted.

"But now, here's another point. S'pose that Nelly does, have a sneaking notion after another chap."

"But you said that she would do just as you wished," interrupting the old man.

"Yes, of course she will, but she'll be apt to like the man I speak of even if she does as I tell her."

"So much the worse for the man that gets her."

"Now, Cherokee, you've acted fair and square with me and I want to do the fair thing with you; and the old man assumed an appearance of great honesty. "You are the man that my Nell likes. She never said so, mind you, but I know that it's a fact. I've seen a good deal of women in my time. Now, I ain't going to say to you, will you give me a thousand dollars, because I'm offered that. No, sir; I want to give you a fair shake. I think though, Cherokee, that it's only right that I should have something for the girl, don't you?"

"Undoubtedly; she's your property and you have the right to sell her to the highest bidder, only I would advise that you make a regular auction out of the affair—put her up, you know, like you would a horse, and knock her down to the man who is willing to give the most."

Old Ugly winced at the sarcasm.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, but I'll tell you what I will do, Cherokee. You put up two thousand dollars against the girl and I'll play you a game of poker for her. If you win you'll have the girl and a thousand dollars of the stake. If I win I'll keep both."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 245.)

A Fearful Revenge.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

"My God! without a pilot, we are lost!"

It was no wonder that the stout-hearted Ralph Crossman, commander of the English war-brig, Sea King, then cruising off Slyne Head, searching for the rendezvous of a band of smugglers that existed somewhere on the coast, should turn deadly pale as he made the startling announcement, for it was a wild, tempestuous night, and upon that murky, wet, surf-bombed shore of rocks and reefs, with no one but a stranger at the helm, the speedy doom of the ill-fated brig seemed certain.

The storm had come on suddenly—come as if an act of retribution for the fearful deed that had been enacted on the brig but a few hours before.

That day the brig had captured a small boat, laden with contraband articles, together with the two persons who had charge of them. They were brothers; one a man in the prime of life, and the other but a mere youth.

Being to obtain some clue of the smugglers' whereabouts, Crossman had closely questioned the eldest brother, but without eliciting any information. Then he tried to force it from him. But, do what he could, not a word that would give a single clue could he get from the man. At last, in his insane wrath, Crossman ordered him to be strung up to the yard-arm.

His crew, a rough set, complied with their superior's orders; and, in spite of his fearful entreaties, the boy soon saw his brother dangle from the yard-arm—a lifeless corpse!

Half an hour later, the ghastly corpse slid down the gang-board into the water, amid the laughter and jeers of the crew.

A few short hours passed; and then a coast storm, which had long been brewing, burst upon them in great fury. The vivid flashes of lightning, followed by deafening peals of thunder, were truly appalling. No wonder that the faces of the men blanched, as the wind with its giant power set the ill-fated brig directly upon the surf-lashed, rock-bound shore. All in vain were their attempts to obey the wild orders of their commander, to lay the brig to the wind, for not a sail would hold for an instant, until they succeeded in getting up a storm stay-sail, when the brig stood, for a short time, bravely up against the mad, turbulent sea. But it soon became evident that, owing to the power of the inselting waves, the brig would be eventually driven upon the rocks. Then it was that Crossman uttered the despairing exclamation already given, and every man knew and felt that it was true. But the next moment, high above the noise of the elements, came a cry from the man forward, that sent a thrill of hope through the hearts of the despairing crew:

"Light, ho!"

Every man turned in that direction, and all saw a bright light that had suddenly flashed up among the distant rocks.

"Can any one tell what light that is?" asked Crossman, turning to his crew.

Not a man spoke, as no one could give the desired information. But the boy, who had thus far remained a silent witness, and had watched the foam-crested waves with fierce satisfaction, knowing that the vengeance he

sought was near at hand, now stepped forward, and said:

"That, sir, is Wildmer's cliff."

"What is the light there for?"

"To mark the entrance to the little harbor that lays just back of it, sir."

"Do you know the passage that leads to it?" asked Crossman, hoping that a chance of escape was open to them at last.

THE BAKING OF THE CAKE.

On Receiving One From a Young Lady.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

She knew that gifts of love hold sweet,
That they are cherished hour by hour,
That they unspoken words repeat;
And so she took three cups of flour.

Her heart welled over with its love
Whose ripple made her sweet lips unafraid;
She sighed, "Whose love can deeper prove?"
And took of lard a tablespoonful.

Her bright cheeks, warm with beauty, youth,
And all that health hath ever endowed her,
Glowed with the crimson blush of truth
As she put in the baking-powder.

She thought of moments that were past,
Which love and hope had come to sweeten,
And of the vows which held us fast,
And then put in two eggs, well beaten.

Ah, sunny was her gentle thought;
Her heart beat soft; the angels heard it;
Her murmured hope the seraph caught;
She took the batter, gently stirred it.

Her hair in sunny ripples fell
Around her neck, so sweet and snowy;
She murmured, "Ah, he loves me well."
And rubbed her eyes with fingers dainty.

Peace sat upon her brow serene,
And gladness that no lips could utter;
In all her tender smile was seen
As she put in a plate of butter.

She thought of when we first had met—
The eye when to the dance I took her;
She sighed, but sighed not with regret,
And added raisins and some sugar.

She thought upon that first sweet kiss:
"Presumption, how should he ever take it!"
Perhaps he needs forgiveness;
She put it in the stove to bake it.

Her lips grew redder at the thought,
(Ah, g-nile lips, how I admire!)
She softly sighs, "He hadn't ought"
Looks at the cake, and blames the fire.

She sends it with her compliments,
And hopes that that my day's 'twill sweeten;
A sweeter girl was never born,
A sweeter cake was never eaten.

The Snow Hunters:
OR,
WINTER IN THE WOODS.BY C. DUNNING CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "YOUNG SEAL-HUNTER," "IN THE
WILDERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE,"
"ROD AND RIFLE," ETC., ETC.

V.—The Wapiti and the Wolverine.

MR. TRACEY told the story of the day's
hunt when the pipes were lighted after the
evening meal.

"I want Jack to know all that we have done
to-day or else he will begin to think that he is
getting all the glory. For, if the truth must
be told, he is getting the best of us, every time,
for no one dreamed when we went away, this
morning, that he was destined to distinguish
himself as he has done."

"Boy heap brave!" said Alf, who was
stretched upon a blanket, smoking, apparently
oblivious to the fact that he had been at all
concerned in the robbery of the morning.

"Scare Bill Becker like fun—you bet!"
Alf had picked up some few phrases in use
among the whites, and dropped them into his
conversation where it seemed good to him.

His coolness, considering the circumstances of
the case, tickled Jack immensely, and he burst
into a roar of laughter.

"You are a cool hand, Alf," he managed to
say.

"Alf a good deal cool hand, bet you," was
his proud reply. "Look that Wapiti—look
that Wolverine. Where you catchum?"

"I am going to tell you," explained Mr.
Tracey. "We had determined to make a
drive of it, and when we reached a point on
the lake, over which Dave expected to make
the drive, skated to our several stations, while
Dave, taking the dogs with him, threw off his
skates and made a circuit in the woods with
the intention of starting the deer, if possible,
toward the lake. The station was in the edge
of a point of land running out into the water
where the pine and balsam grew down to the
shore. A rare cover, such as a hunterman
 seldom finds. Danger and Spot were ranging
the woods with Dave, and after half an hour
I heard them give tongue, Danger's howl
note bursting out like the boom of a fog-bell,
while the more musical bay of Spot supplied
the tenor. Such sounds as these ringing
through the frosty air are heavenly music to
the hunter. Then I heard the rattle of hoofs
upon the ice, far to the south, and peeping
out with my rifle at the 'ready,' I saw such a
sight as made my hunter's blood fairly tingle
in my veins. A noble stag, with his branch-
ing antlers thrown back upon his very
shoulders, his delicate muzzle extended, and
his broad breast heaving with excitement,
came bravely down the ice, with Spot strain-
ing every nerve, close upon his haunches, and
Danger, staunch old dog, hardly six paces in
the rear. It was a glorious sight to see the
efforts of the stag, fresh from his morning
couch and full of life and vigor. It seemed
to me that he gloried in his strength and speed
and laughed at the efforts of the hounds.

"Forward, all! Scarce a pace from the fly-
ing deer brave Spot ran, but not an inch could
he gain upon the flying stag. Danger was at his
utmost speed, and you know that, untiring as
he is, he cannot keep the pace with Spot. Yet
he did not flinch, and watched in breathless
anxiety to see how it would end. Would the
dogs gain, or would the gallant stag throw
them off? It seemed to me that Spot was
losing—almost imperceptibly, but still losing.
They were now so near that I could mark each
movement of the powerful muscles in the
haunches and breast of the deer and the noble
hounds upon his track.

"On swept the deer; it came up to my cover,
and flew by with the swiftness of the wind,
showing me his dappled sides as he ran. I
turned slowly with my eyes fixed upon the
heaving shoulder—and—"

"You shot him?" cried Jack, eagerly.

"No."

"Spot pulled him down; I know it was
Spot."

"Mistaken again; it was not Spot."

"Danger never ran by my dog," cried Jack.

"I can't believe it."

"No; that does not seem likely either,"
said Harry, who was not in the secret.

"No," continued Mr. Tracey, "none of these
things happened. I turned, as I said, and saw
deer and hound sweep by gallantly, and thought
what noble animals they were and how evenly
matched. And, boys, it was not until that
deer was far out of range that I remembered
that I had a rifle! I am ashamed to confess
it, but so much was I interested in the chase
that I did not think I had been stationed there
to shoot the game!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Dave. "That's
the best thing I ever heard in my life. Oh,
square, won't I roast you when we get back to
Belleville? I want you when we get back to
Belleville! I want you when I tell him I won't
Tom Martin but himself a laughing! To stand
there with a rifle that don't

off'n fail, an' see that deer lope by an' never
fire! Haw, haw, haw!"

Mr. Tracey and the others all joined in the
laugh.

"That's the deer I shot, then. He was
leaving Spot behind him when I stopped him—
as pretty a shot as I ever made. To think
that I should 'wipe father's eye' in that man-
ner," put in Rufe.

"The hunter's phrase, 'wiped his eye,' has a
meaning in itself unknown to some of my
readers it may be. If a hunter fires at any
game and his companion, firing after him,
brings down the quarry, the phrase may be ap-
plied to the unlucky man who missed."

"That is the deer nearest the door," said
Mr. Tracey, when the laughter had in a measure
subsided. "Not until it was too late did it oc-
cur to me that I was foolish to stand there if I
did not intend to shoot the game which passed
me. But I had lost the last chance of game
for that day. Now, Harry, tell your story."

"My station was on the other side of the
lake, in the mouth of a little creek shaded with
bushes," replied Harry. "I heard the music
of the hounds and saw from my cover the death
of the deer, and I'll own I felt a little impatient
that Rufe alone should have such luck. It
seemed as if I was fated to have no chance.
After the deer dropped, and while Rufe was
loading, I saw Dave come out on a high bluff
and heard him whistle for the dogs. Danger
heard him first and started across the ice and
Spot followed a moment later. Dave had
struck a fresh trail somewhere and wanted the
dogs."

"I advanced from my station and waved
my cap at him, but he shook his con-skin cap
in return and disappeared, followed by the
dogs. Ten minutes later I heard Danger give
tongue, followed by Spot, and presently an
animal, such as I had never seen, bounded from
a bluff ten feet high. Alighting on the ice, it
headed directly toward my cap. As he
neared I saw that it was a Wapiti stag, an
American elk; and I called to mind instinct-
ively my Natural History knowledge of the
species. I saw an animal perhaps four feet
and a half high at the shoulder, of graceful
form, one of the most beautiful creatures I ever
beheld. The color was a deep chestnut-red,
darker on the under side of the throat and
belly. The chin dark, with a patch of light
yellow on either side and a broad one of the
same color under the head. But the antlers!
You know that the deer will not begin to drop
their horns for two weeks. There they are—
four feet high, cylindrical in form. The
beauties! I mean to hang them in my room,
as a proof of my prowess, when I go back to
college."

"But, what is this? Clinging to the shoul-
ders of the stag is a shapless mass like a great
hairy hump. Before I had time to think
much about it the stag was so close that I had
to fire, and to my surprise he came at me,
against the wind, evidently mad with terror.
I could not understand this, for the hounds
were not yet in sight, but I leveled and
brought the animal down, by a shot fair be-
tween the horns."

"As I did so the hairy mass upon its back
resolved itself into form, and I saw a power-
ful-looking animal of the cat kind, which I recog-
nized at once as the wolverine. I don't know
why I did it in the face of all which Dave has
taught me, but I rushed out and attacked the
animal with my rifle-butt. Generally speak-
ing, perhaps, the wolverine may not attack
man, but in this case, mad with hunger, it
turned upon me with the ferocity of a tiger.
Twice I struck it down with the butt of my
rifle, and twice it sprang at my throat with a
furious snarl. The third time I stumbled and
slipped, and, before I could recover, the
wolverine was upon me. To get my knife out
and strike with all my force at the furious
beast, was my first thought, and the next mo-
ment I was down on the ice, my left hand
wreathed in the thick skin upon the neck of
my enemy and my knife busy. How it would
have ended I don't know, but, just then, old
Danger's furious bay rang in my ears, and the
weight was off my breast. Danger soon won,
and that is the reason we have that wolverine
hide to show!"

"Enough for to-night," said Mr. Tracey.
"Let us get to rest."

Redeeming Herself.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

SIDNEY MERRILL was looking very frown-
ingly at the letter in her hands, whose envelope
was nearly half covered with foreign postage
stamps; whose address was simply, "Dear
Sidney," whose subscription was only, "Yours
very truly, Laurent."

Sidney pouted a little, and placed the sheet
in its envelope again, without vouchsafing a
second reading to it; then, with just a little
lightening of the color on her cheeks, and a
darkening of the blue of her lovely eyes, she
took off from her forefinger a ring—one large
diamond, set in a dainty openwork of gold.

It had only been there a half year; and in
all that time Laurent had been just as quiet,
as unobtrusive as his latest letter.

This morning Sidney felt peculiarly aggrieved
at the letter from her betrothed; to be sure,
it was delightfully interesting, of acceptable
length, and very gracefully and easily writ-
ten—only, and it was hardly the girl's fault,
that she could not fathom it, its very quietness
was intensely itself; its very unobtrusiveness
the sure proof of the depth of the love that
had prompted Irving Laurent to bestow it upon
Sidney Merrill.

At the time, people said it was just a little
strange—Mr. Laurent, so grave, so quiet, and
ten years her senior, to fancy little Sid Merrill,
the most coquettish, fascinating little thing
far or near. But—he had conquered her, or
she him, somehow, and they became engaged,
with everybody's congratulation; and Sidney
was delighted with the novelty of the thing,
and hearing people go into raptures about Mr.
Laurent's "place" up the river. Then she sub-
sided from her enthusiasm, and by the time Mr.
Laurent went on his annual business tour
over Europe, had come to consider herself quite
settled down.

Every mail brought letters, without fail;
every letter so quietly kind, so perfectly trust-
ful, so thoroughly, yet undemonstratively,
happy. Sidney used to be a little disappointed
sometimes, and wonder, under a mental pro-
test, whether he really loved her; accepting
the situation, however, and altogether feeling
quite contented—until Albert Howe came.

He dropped into her gay circle at Long
Branch, just as hundreds of men do—intro-
duced by some one who had met him some-
where sometime, and who really knew nothing
of him, except what every one knew, that he
was undeniably handsome, well-dressed always,
easy and polished in his manners, posted thor-
oughly in society etiquette, and with what
seemed an unlimited supply of money.

At the Ocean, the young ladies raved about

him, and out of a dozen stylish girls who dressed
three or four times a day, eleven might have
confessed they hoped to please Mr.
Howe's fastidious taste.

He and Sidney were introduced, casually,
almost upon his arrival, and, to the girl's sur-
prise, she found her admiration
early superseded by an interest that grew
daily, despite the effort to crush it, regardless
of the ring on her forefinger.

Everything seemed to favor the development
of the friendship—Long Branch life is a very
hobbed in which flirtation thrives alarmingly;
and so what with promenades on the balcony,
walks on the bluff, *let-a-tees* in the summer-
houses, frolicking in the surf, and drives on the
avenue, Sidney's eyes suddenly opened to the
fact that she had made Albert Howe indispen-
sable to her happiness.

At first, the knowledge fairly stunned her—
she, Sidney Merrill, to whom a man like Mr.
Laurent had given his whole happiness, on
whom he depended for a return of loyalty and
trust as none but a thoroughly grand, good man
would depend, she, Sidney Merrill, flirting with
a desperation she really was scarcely
aware of, until she inevitably came, mis-
tress, restless, false, fervid excitement—and
Irving Laurent across the ocean, hard at
work.

All these thoughts came to her with the re-
ceipt of the letter that she read coolly, then
laid in her desk.

Then she walked out of the open window on
the balcony, and leaned over the railing, her
wistful eyes reaching far over the blue-green
ocean.

It was nearly time for dinner, and she had
already dressed when she read her letter; so
that now, as she stood on the upper balcony,
just opposite her own room, she was conscious
of a loneliness she never had felt before.

Was it because all the others were still in
their rooms? Did the long balcony, with its
dozens of empty chairs, seem more deserted
than ever before? Or was there a pitiful,
sighing cadence in the waves, unheard till
now?

Sidney uttered a half-indignant, half-con-
temptuous "pshaw" at her own thoughts, and
then began a quick, restless promenade—to
pass the door of Albert Howe's room just as
that gentleman came out, fresh and handsome,
in a suit of white cloth and dark-blue necktie.

A sudden flush surged over Sidney's face as
she bowed, then averted her face, pretending
to arrange her hair.

Howe extended his hand with the easy grace
that was so natural to him.

"You deserve the medal this once, at any
rate, Miss Merrill. I will wager almost any-
thing there isn't another young lady within
half an hour of being presentable. You look
remarkably well in that white alpaca waist,
Miss Sidney. The light-blue trimming is very
becoming."

She felt herself thrilling with pleasure as
she caught the admiration in his eyes; the
feeling changing almost at once to anger at
realizing his power over her.

"Any blonde can wear blue equally well.
Oh! there comes Miss Ellington! Gracie, you
daring!"

Sidney rushed up to the young lady with
considerable embarrassment; really to hide her
feelings, ostensibly to display her indifference.
And Mr. Howe's eyes had a serene smile in
them as he bowed to Gracie Ellington.

"You have not forgotten, I see."

It was a rather curious way to greet her,
Sidney thought, and she looked at him half
questioningly; then at Miss Ellington, who
laughed as she pointed to the pink and blue
ribbons that hung from her waist.

"Mr. Howe asked me for a ride in my
phaeton," she said, in a laughing, explanatory
way to Sidney, who listened with a queer,
uncomfortable feeling somewhere about her;
"and I promised if I would consent to drive
him behind Dandy and Flirt, to wear these to-
kens of dinner."

"Then I suppose Mr. Howe's happiness is
complete?" Sidney said it gayly enough as the
three walked in the hall and down to the pa-
rlor, where they had to wait only a few min-
utes for dinner.

Somehow, Sidney wasn't hungry that day;
and Howe, who sat with the Merrills and El-
lington, remarked her lack of appetite in a
low tone of solicitous anxiety.

"Are you sure you feel well? If it wasn't
for my engagement with Miss E., I'd take you
out this afternoon. But you'll be in the pa-
rlor to-night by eight? I want to see you, par-
ticularly."

It was not so much what he said, as the way
he said it; but, somehow, a brightness came
over everything that the girl looked at, after
that. She watched him and Miss Ellington
drive off without a shadow even on her heart;
and when he raised his hat and looked steadily
at her a second, she knew the glance meant
more than any one dreamed of.

Then she locked herself in her room; took
off her dress—with a sweet, swift memory of
his compliment; undid her hair, and donned
wrapper and slippers, for two or three hours'
rest—and a fair outlook on the situation.

How did she stand? Was she engaged to
one man, and in love with another? Did she
wear Laurent's ring, and think Howe's voice
the sweetest sound that ever entered her ears?

It was a vigil of pain to her—this girl of
only nineteen, so unskilled in the world's wicked-
ness, so unacquainted with even herself. She
knew his hand thrilled her to the core when it
touched hers; she was aware of a savage
sweetness of skin when his eyes met hers, only
equalled by the feeling of conscious guilt that
she should feel so. She knew she was false in
heart to Irving Laurent, and she knew she had
tasted a very heaven by Albert Howe's side in
those short weeks by the seaside.

But had she done wrong? Was it wrong to
—to—like Mr. Howe so well? Had it not
been, was it not still only a romantic friend-
ship that would end with the season?

She was engaged, of course, and Howe knew
it, had known it from the first, and knew
how she respected and esteemed her betrothed;
and so—because of the barrier between them
they had let themselves go on and on—until—

Sidney did not shrink from the actual con-
dition of affairs. She was a girl of the purest
heart, even when her principles were deepest
covered by wayward impulses; even when she
found she was very, very near to faithlessness.

It hurt her—it hurt her terribly to make the
decision, and she made it just as Howe sprung
from the phaeton at the hotel veranda—hand-
some, graceful, stylish.

She dressed for supper—a light, shimmering
silk of steel blue, with a sleeveless guipure lace
jacket, and a sash of dark blue with stripes of
lace; she arranged her hair and pinned a tiny
aigrette among the braids, clasped a heavy
chain around her neck, and went down quiet,
half heart sick, but determined.

They met, as she expected, and then walked
across the way, down the steps, and on to the
sands where several couples were slowly prom-
enading.

They talked commonplaces under the vivid

moonlight, until—it almost took her breath—
he leaned near to her and said it.

"I am going to-morrow, Sidney. This is our
farewell. For you there is no regret, your
happiness is assured. As for me—"

He paused, and looked out on the heaving
waves; the girl on his arm trembling, almost
fearing her own strength.

"To-morrow!" she said at length.

"Yes—are you sorry?"

He turned his head and looked in her eyes,
almost eagerly waiting for an answer.

She stammered her answer.

"Yes, I am sorry."

He stopped where they stood and released
her arm.

"Sidney, we will never meet again, in all
probability. This has been a month of blissful
torture to me, because I know we never can
be more to each other than we are. You are
engaged, and I—if you were free, Sidney, I
am not worthy of your love."

He measured her very thoughts as she lis-
tened; her face toward him, her eyes out on
the waters; then, when he saw no answering
emotion, a hard, tense line gathered plainly on
his mouth. Had his power of woman's heart
ceased to be felt? Was this girl daring to
assert herself against him?

The thought but added fire to his ardor, and
Sidney thought he meant what he said.

"Tell me, child, one little word that will be
my comfort when we are separated. It can do
you no hurt to say it, and it will be such
sweet balm to me. Sidney, if you were free,
would you love me?"

He saw her tremble; a second—was his tri-
umph at hand? his poor, mean, pitiful triumph
of hearing one more woman acknowledge his
influence over her.

He was almost trembling himself for the
answer.

Sidney hesitated one moment, and then
drew her hand slightly to one side, and laughed
softly.

"I never had the knack of imagining myself
under any other than existing circumstances.
I am sorry you are going, though, really. We
have had good times, but the season is nearly
over, you know, and one can't expect to have
summer all the year."

He was dreadfully angry, but Sidney never
knew it. His vanity was cut to the core, and
as they marched up to the Ocean House again,
he registered a vow against this girl who had
triumphed over him.

And Sidney went up to her room and sat
down, flushed and excited, and wrote Mr.
Laurent all about it, and received his forgive-
ness in full when he returned in early fall.

After that came her marriage—at the holidays,
and Sidney went to Irving Laurent with a
consciousness that if she did not worship him as
she might have done another, at least she had
nothing to blush for, at least, he knew all.
They were quietly happy, and people remarked
how delightfully subdued Mrs. Laurent had
grown to be, and what an enviable pair the
two were.

Even when Mr. Laurent departed on his an-
nual tour in June, and Mrs. Laurent with her
servant joined the Ellingtons at the Branch,
her quiet, reserved demeanor was noticed by
those who knew her best.

It brought a great deal of her romance back
to her—the sight of the same old ocean, the
same familiar surroundings; but it had an
effect only temporary of making her recall the
man she never would see again, and yet, whom
she never could forget.

Then, one day, when she had been in
bathing, and was coming across the beach
to her bathing house, dripping, her suit cling-
ing ungracefully to her, in that most wretched,
undignified position, a woman—even a fault-
lessly beautiful woman can assume, she met
Albert Howe, handsome, well-dressed, a trifle
older.

She was brave enough to accept the situa-
tion, and with a joyful laugh, and a
deprecating glance downward at her little
bare feet.

"How do you do, Mr. Howe? I guess I
shall have to keep on in the even tenor of my
way."

He bowed, and called her name.

"Don't let me detain you, Mrs. Laurent,
pleased as I am to meet you again."

That is the way it commenced, as if fate or-
dered that they should resume their acquaint-
ance more familiarly than Sidney would have
done had the rencontre occurred at a full-dress
ball in the Ocean Hotel parlor.

He only came for two days, he told Sidney
at supper, in a quiet, guileful way, that some-
how made her think he had utterly forgotten
the past, and made her glad therefor.

And the time merged into weeks, and the
old fascination resumed its sway over Mrs.
Laurent, how, she hardly knew, so matchlessly
did he manage himself and her—only, like a
lotus-eater on an enchanted isle, the days flew
on such blissful pinions, that she hardly knew
whether moments or centuries had passed since
the dream began.

There came letters from her husband—just
exactly like him, and they gave her horrid
qualms for a moment, and then the new-old
forces asserted themselves, and only Albert
Howe saw the gulf to which she was drifting.

Her redemption came about very matter-of-
factly, though when Sidney heard what she
did, her very soul froze in newly-awakened
horror. It happened—as such things will happen
—very naturally, especially at a Long Branch
hotel, where so many rooms open on the upper
balcony that is free to promenaders. And Sid-
ney, one evening after she had been later than
usual in Miss Ellington's room, passed hur-
riedly by Howe's window, just as Fate ordered
her name spoken within, in a cruelly con-
temptuous way, that made her blood curdle.

She paused instinctively, and heard Albert
Howe's well-known voice boasting of his suc-
cess with the charming, easily-won Mrs. Lau-
rent—of his sneering triumph over the absent
husband, of his vain promise that as a proof of
all he said, he would meet her, before all their
eyes, the next night at the hop, when she should
wear a bouquet of white roses tied with white
ribbon, simply and solely to please him—sim-
ply and solely because she cared more for him
than her husband.

Poor, poor child! Her cheeks rivaled the
vivid scarlet of her shawl, as she stood, rooted,
listening, and then when loud, hilarious laugh-
ter greeted Howe's boast, fled away, trembling
with sick pain and shame. All that night she
walked her floor in bitter self-reproaching,
in most contrite repentance, and in the early
morning who should come but her husband—to
surprise her.

Then toward noon there arrived a bouquet—
white, fragrant roses, tied with white satin rib-
bon, with Howe's card attached, bearing the
message—"Wear for the giver's sake."

And she took them with an odd smile; and
when it came time to dress, arrayed herself in
her faultless attire, without a flower on her
head, and gave them to her husband, and told
him—keeping back not a whit, and asked
him what should she do.

And for answer he kissed her first, and then
fastened the bouquet, card and all, in his but-
tonhole, with Howe's name conspicuously prom-
inent, and the message quite visible. Then
they went down in the ball-room, as handsome
a pair as ever graced the Ocean House parlor,
to meet Albert Howe half-way across the room,
watching for her, with his chums watching
him.

It was perfect, the way Sidney behaved; so
bewildering, so wittily fascinating, and yet
so supremely superior to the slightest advance
Howe made; while the bouquet in her hus-
band's buttonhole, a mute, powerful token of
victory on Sidney's banners, was exquisite in
its dramatic effect to the half-dozen men who
read the gauge.

Howe fairly raved silently, while the men
fairly adored her for her near turning of the
tables; and Sidney, on her husband's arm,
realized she had, even at a fearfully narrow
risk, redeemed herself.

Perseus and Andromeda.

ONCE upon a time there was a person named
Perseus; Jupiter was his father. He was one
of the old masters and the Brigham Young of
his time, and a good time he had of it. His
mother was a Dana, the founder of the New
York Sun. When Perseus grew up Pluto lent
him a helmet which rendered him invisible.
Minerva lent him a shield, and Mercury lent
him a pair of wings for his ankles, which made
his feet soar. Perseus felt hunky, and because
he owed a horse to